

SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

It is interesting to observe the various viewpoints of the city newspaper men who have been trying to account for the results of Monday's voting and the lessons they should teach. It is the pleasant and proper habit, however, of Toronto newspapers, no matter how bitter the fight has been, to make the best of the outcome and lend as far as possible a helping hand to the new occupant of the Mayor's chair, thus affording him every possible opportunity to fit himself into the place and develop his policy. This generous custom has not so far been departed from, and Mayor-elect Coatsworth, if he has made no entangling alliances, will have things his own way until he is forced to make a stand or refuses to make one when he should.

The general trend of the most reasonable opinions expressed as to the defeat of Mr. Spence and the by-law for the reduction of the number of liquor licenses, is that Toronto is getting tired of parish politics dominated by temperance agitators, pulpits, and one-eyed and one-eyed organizations of any kind. Toronto is now in the Big city class, and in such a stage that a large community such as ours develops a desire to grow into one of the Great cities. It is generally believed that men who have given practically all their attention to pulpit work or platform effort for prohibition or moral reform make poor guides for those trying to build up great cities. They are doubtless sincere, and invariably over-zealous in advocating methods of doubtful value if not demanding immediate and impracticable changes. Going too far, they almost invariably defeat the object they have honestly in view. This was the case in the recent campaign. In even the childish heart there is an element of justice which demands a square deal and fair play all round. The cutting off of thirty innkeepers and ten shopkeepers without warning or compensation does not look like fair play, no matter what the facts may be. The defeat of the by-law has caused even the *News*, the most energetic advocate of reform in or abolition of the liquor business, to see that a fund must be provided for the compensation of license-holders who, for no fault of their own, except that they belong to a class highly objectionable to many and considered too numerous in the community, are refused permission to continue in business. If the temperance reformers had gone a little more slowly and asked that five licenses be cut off each year until but a hundred taverns were permitted to sell liquor, they would have probably been successful in effecting even a greater reduction than asked for in their defeated by-law. The houses put out of business could have been selected with greater care; the impending fate would have stirred those retaining licenses into greater efforts to "keep hotel" and put their houses in a sanitary and proper condition. As I suggested some months ago, each year the license fee could have been raised as the number grew less, so that the additional revenue, owing to the increased monopoly, would be sufficient to at least partially compensate those refused permission to sell. The official license fee in Toronto is too low, the prices paid for licenses transferred from one holder to another ridiculously high, and if this matter were adjusted a fund could be raised to gradually wipe out without obvious injustice those hotels which are improperly located or badly kept. This adjustment would have been obtained by the diminished speculative value of a precarious and officially high-priced license.

The trouble with the situation as it is now is that prohibition is only a Sentiment, while liquor-selling is an Interest. How powerful an interest the liquor business is, was shown last Monday by the large fund raised to defeat the by-law and incidentally knock out Mr. Spence. How weak a sentiment prohibition is, or even license reform is, was shown by the utter absence of funds to carry on the recent campaign, by the prevalent absence of interest amongst prohibitionists to get out and hustle, and the reluctance of those who are sentimentally "down on" the liquor trade to abandon their party or forget personal prejudices in an effort to carry their point. It is to be hoped we will hear less from these theoretical reformers until they are prepared to be reasonable and recognize the fact that talk is proverbially cheap but that it takes money to buy beer—or bums.

As to the strength of the Big City idea, it is to be hoped no one will try to minimize it. A city, like an individual, must be ambitious, broad-minded, and learn to mind its own business, in order to become Great. Minding its own business properly is not the dominant impulse of the average great city throbbing with excitement, wild with money-hunger, and the Good in it badly and only casually organized. Every citizen should be watchful and do his part promptly and generously to advance the city of his choice, but not be carried away by any idea that an open town or a loosely run government is necessarily involved in making a city great or attractive. Minding its own business, it seems to me, should refer to the leaving alone of petty things, the keeping away from the doing of unjust things, the avoidance of graft and the swift punishment of grafters of every sort. That the successful candidate's following in Monday's election was composed principally of large-minded and progressive citizens anxious for the upbuilding of the city, or of men with that motive principally in view, I can hardly believe, but the votes of such men may, and doubtless did, form the larger part of his majority. It is to be hoped that the result will justify the expectations of the larger men who placed themselves with the winning phalanx. The defeat of the by-law will doubtless do much to discourage many estimable citizens and prevent them taking any part in the near future in similar agitations, though reverses should have a contrary effect. Whether those who are talking somewhat vaguely of the result having been brought about by large-minded young men who believe in Toronto's future are correct in their view, will be best shown by the appearance in municipal life of men such as are described. As it is at present, the city's poverty in this respect is conspicuous, though the rapid rise of young men who command themselves to public appreciation has been well illustrated by the recent advancement of Alderman S. Alfred Jones to a controllership.

THE suicide of the teller of the Bank of Commerce in Winnipeg because of notification of his dismissal for having married clandestinely and against the rule of the bank, which prohibits matrimony to those having what the bank officials esteem insufficient salary upon which to support a wife, is more than usually tragic and distinctly cowardly. Whether the suicide of a member of a family should bring shame to the relatives need not be discussed; the fact remains that it does, and should deter all but those in *extremis* from taking that route out of what might prove to be merely a temporary trouble. If the Winnipeg bank teller had been so sincerely in love with a woman as to marry her against the rules of the institu-

tion in which he was employed, he would have been prepared to live with her and for her under all circumstances. That he killed himself rather than make any further struggle to be with her and to protect her proved him to be a weakling, and justified the bank's rule not to keep in its employment men likely to be moved to desperate deeds by necessity. The recent instance in Toronto of a bank clerk so enamored of a woman as to steal a large amount of money and elope with her indicates that men who think themselves terribly in love are only weak and can become desperate in other directions than that of suicide. Whether enforced celibacy up to a certain point of salary-getting is a good rule or not has been much disputed, but these two instances seem to indicate that those who really love are willing to labor and to wait.

ON Monday local option was voted upon in a considerable number of Ontario municipalities, and the result would seem to indicate that the province on the whole is strongly in favor of the measure. It is well to note, however, that although in a large majority of the places where votes were taken the verdict was in favor of cutting out the bars, the majorities were as a rule small, and that no account has been taken of the number of places where local option was not voted on

his fine upward climb from a country schoolmaster's desk to the position of Minister of Education, and later to the Premiership of Ontario; to those who hoped most from and know best his great talents—this incident must hold a strong element of tragedy. If the moment he realized that he could cling to power only by the aid of methods of unjustifiable expediency he had resigned and declared that he was ready to sacrifice himself for the good of the province and the ultimate good of his party, he would to-day have been incomparably the greatest figure in Canada. He might, perhaps, now have been Premier of Ontario, but whether he held office or not he would have proved himself greater than any office in the gift of the people; and position and power are pitifully small things in comparison with a mind at rest, universal admiration, and the assurance of a great and honored place in history.

George W. Ross is one of the ablest public men Canada ever produced. That he should, just at the height of a fine and splendidly useful career, have chosen opportunism rather than greatness will always be a source of bitter regret to many unselfish admirers, not only in Ontario, but throughout the Dominion. There is a seeming unkindness in referring to what may appear to some to be a closed or closing chapter. On the contrary, however, it is a chapter most striking in the history of Canadian politics and one that for many years to come should serve

fair rate of interest. The real usurer, as a general thing, does not inform his "client" as to the rate of interest he is charging him; he merely names an amount. This should be made an offence and all loans of this irregular character should be discouraged in every way possible. When the usurer goes the length of masquerading in official habiliments to enforce extortions claims he should be hit with the biggest club that the law has in readiness for use in such cases.

A MOTION has been introduced in the New York State Legislature as follows:

Since the adjournment of this Senate the people of the State and nation have been staggered by the relation shown to have existed for years between the Equitable Life Assurance Society and Chauncey M. Depew, one of the Senators of the State in the United States Congress.

Recognizing that these disclosures have caused a total lack of confidence in the ability of the Senator named to properly represent the people in the body to which he was elected:

Resolved by the Senate that Chauncey M. Depew be, and he hereby is, requested to forthwith resign his seat in the United States Senate.

Would this sort of thing have happened in the Legislature of any Canadian province if a Senator, presumably representing that section of the Dominion, were to be discovered in peculation? Perhaps it is hard to imagine any Legislature feeling that a local Senator goes to Ottawa for any other purpose than to draw his indemnity and mileage or cares particularly what he does or says; yet if our Senate were constituted as is the one at Washington, is public opinion really as swift in the punishment of political offenders in Canada as in the United States, where a man socially so prominent, a railway magnate and millionaire such as Depew, is so promptly brought into the political court? Recently in the neighboring republic a number of State Senators and Congressmen have been driven from public life, some of them into State prisons. We sometimes look across the border and give thanks that we are not as our neighbors are, but recent developments both there and here indicate that a period of self-examination would do us good.

THE *Mail and Empire* has been having the worst fit of splutters that has attacked the "aged party" for some time. The way it has been flinging language about for the last fortnight is enough to alarm those who have seen its hysteria increasing in violence. The *Mail and Empire*, like Sheridan's famous opponent, has been depending on its imagination for its facts, and in this case the imagination is mighty poor. Even the satisfaction arising from having prophesied truly for once has not soothed the excited old thing, who continues to scold away until Bay street turns blue. The editorial support of the *Mail and Empire*'s morally favorite contained such nonsense as made even the oldest living reader of that journal blink his ancient eyes and think that his "specs" must have gone wrong. Consistency is a jewel that the *Mail and Empire* would think it the worst of taste to wear, and common sense is not on its visiting-list. But it has shed adjectives at such a rate during the late season of goodwill to men that it won't have a thing left to say about the Kingston by-election. What's the sense of using such elegant words as "blackmail" and "ruffian" when there's nothing doing but a municipal cat-fight? Extravagance like that makes the canny coiner of phrases feel light in the head and mourn over such a waste of "violence." There's been enough abuse and folly in the cacklings of the *Mail and Empire* columns to last an ordinary party sheet for a Dominion election and have a few expressions left over for local disturbances. Perhaps the persistent rumor of a new evening paper, run and written by staunch Conservatives, has aroused the old organ to the horrible discords of recent perpetration, just to show that it can say a few things if it tries real hard. But screeching is no proof of mental strength, and vituperation is not a substitute for vitality.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, during his visit to Toronto this week, was not at home to the reporter, and sent his regrets to the representative of an evening paper who desired to hold sweet converse with him on chloroformable sexagenarians, deathbed visions and other seasonable topics. The distinguished physician's subtle humor and delicate fancy have been so misunderstood by United States journalists that he may have learned to flee when the reporter pursued. In spite of all that we hear about the effervescent Yankee humor and the jokes at the expense of the uncomprehending Englishman, the United States is the most dangerous country in the world in which to make a jesting remark or indulge in anything resembling railravery. Only the most obvious witticisms are recognized as amusing in the land of the free and funny, and consequently the Oslerian play of fancy was occasionally mistaken for heavy tragedy and the New York editors took it upon themselves to utter solemn protests. True to his own doctrine of work, the Doctor "found himself without time to talk to the press." In a week when every penny politician is giving his views on City Hall somersaults it would have been refreshing to have a few remarks from a man whose life is work of the hardest and highest. The verb "to interview" in the passive voice is not a favorite with men of scientific acumen, and Dr. Osler may be in the position of "once written up, twice shy." It takes a doctor with a reputation on two continents to be courageous enough to admit that he has watched beside 500 deathbeds. Our local physicians were reluctant to say much about their experience of such scenes and allured the reporter to brighter topics, such as the mid-winter we are having and the way the hospital fund is growing.

A GOOD deal of speculation is being indulged in as to the channels into which President Roosevelt's energy will be diverted when at the end of his present term and according to his promise, he steps down from the White House, an ex-President, an ordinary citizen. A close friend of Mr. Roosevelt, in writing on this question, says: "President Roosevelt is said to be desirous of securing the seat in the Senate now occupied by Thomas Platt of New York; but I have heard from intimate friends that the very height of his ambition is to be president of Harvard. He is ambitious, and thinks that as president of Harvard he could remain more in the public eye than as a senator or a holder of any office in the gift of the people of the United States, or of his native State of New York. As president of Harvard he could have more influence in literature, which has been one of his strongholds of late years. There is a possibility that he may be appointed to superintend the construction of the Panama Canal after his term has expired, and after accomplishing this herculean task, he may devote his energies to the presidency of Harvard, introducing



A REVIVAL OF THE COSTUME OF ANCIENT GREECE, WHICH MAY BECOME FASHIONABLE. When two young and fair ladies appeared at the opera in London the other night in Greek dress, the audience gasped but admired, and it is even suggested now that the costume may come into general favor.

because it had been previously thrown out by the municipal councils. It would be interesting to have placed before us the record of all the towns, villages and townships in the province in this matter, because it is known that in a number of places local councils were sustained on Monday because they had voted against letting the measure go to the people.

The majority of 468 given for the by-law in Owen Sound, by which thirteen licenses will be cut off, is a notable one. In this town all the local option candidates were elected and only one candidate who was opposed to the measure was returned. The significance of the sweep of local option in Owen Sound may be discovered in the fact that those who advocated the measure there had given proofs of their sincerity in the matter before voting day. It will be remembered that early in the fall two of the principal Owen Sound hotels were purchased by a syndicate who at once began to convert them as temperance houses. At the time it was remarked on this page that the temperance party to do any effective work must not depend on idle talk and empty demonstrations. They must be willing to give up a reasonable amount of time and money and display a reasonable amount of consistency before they can accomplish any results worth while. The truth of this seems to have been borne out by the result of the vote in that town, where the advocates of local option have done something more than make a hollow. How it will affect Owen Sound, now one of the best and largest of the towns and small cities of Ontario, is another and a most interesting question.

LAST week about the time that SATURDAY NIGHT went to press, a number of prominent Liberals met at the home of Hon. G. W. Ross and presented him with a cheque for \$35,000 and an address appreciative of his services as a public man. The people of Ontario will be glad to know that the ex-Premier has been provided with a modest competence by his political associates. To the sincere friends, however, of Mr. Ross—to those who watched with genuine admiration and ardent expectancy

as a warning against the folly of opportunism to every aspirant to a public career in this country.

THE "light of publicity" is at present being thrown on the methods of the usurers of this and other Canadian cities. A Montreal newspaper, after conducting an investigation of its own in the matter, says that there are, at a conservative estimate, ten thousand slaves in the grip of the usurer in that city, and calls upon the Dominion Government—or rather on the House of Commons as a whole—to come to the rescue of these and all others throughout the country who are at the mercy of the loan leeches. A local paper has this week given the details of several pitiful cases of hardship and distress caused by the revoltingly cruel and grasping methods of relentless money-lenders. It is also said that bogus writs and bogus bailiffs are employed to enforce, even from women, the payment of usurious amounts of interest to these blood-suckers. The slick operators of loan joints in cities are, of course, the most dangerous sharks of this class, but they are not the only ones in the country who grow rich preying upon the unwary poor. Every town and village has its little group of money-lenders, some of them possessed by a spirit of greed that any professional shark in Toronto or Montreal would find useful to him in his business. Scattered over every township are men who have accumulated a considerable fortune, not out of farming, but out of farmers. A good many "retired" storekeepers, farmers, etc., who are classed on their local voters' lists as "gentlemen" have not retired at all; they have merely changed their occupations and find "note-shaving" much more profitable than growing wheat or stock or selling goods over a counter.

Of course not all the people in the country who loan money are usurers—far from it—but at the same time the practice of advancing sums to needy people at rates of interest little short of robbery is all too common. If the law cannot effectually prevent such loans being made it should refuse to aid in the enforcement of any claim or chattel mortgage which involved the payment of an un-

a new style in literature, curbing the rough plays in football, and putting the stamp of his personality on student life and actions."

President Roosevelt has furnished the people of the United States with a goodly number of surprises, and it may be expected that he has still more up his sleeve. The question is, will he, or can he, if he adheres to his declared intention of refusing to be a Presidential candidate at the next election, withdraw from politics to the extent that other ex-Presidents have done? The Vice-Presidency could not shelve him, for he would have become President even though Mr. McKinley had not met with tragic death. What will Roosevelt become when, a young man still, stronger and more ambitious than ever, he retires from the White House? Will his irrepressible nature tempt him to seek to retain and wield the Big Stick after he has laid aside the Imperial Mantle?

THE local police were not inclined to believe the now exploded story of John Horton, who gave himself up to the authorities at Flint, Mich., on Monday night and made a confession to the effect that he was the murderer of the young woman whose body, yet unidentified, was found near Hamilton on October 9 last. The strange story told by the man and the motive which he gave for the deed which he claimed to have committed, but which were merely the wanderings of a diseased brain, were, however, so foreign to any of the numerous theories regarding the murder which were advanced at the time of the tragedy, and yet so probable as to demand investigation, that we are given an idea of the futility of attempting to unravel mysteries of this sort on the strength of theories based purely on supposition. Too frequently in Ontario tragedies occur which remain forever shrouded in mystery. Perhaps one reason of this is that in propounding theories or following clues the strange and infinite complexities of the human mind are not fully considered. The criminal—even the clever criminal—is an abnormal creature, and when the practical detectives and the imaginative reporters have thought out every possible motive for a crime, it often transpires that the criminal acted on an apparently impossible motive or without having one at all.

THE account of the doings of the Unemployed in London, England, has a revolutionary ring that goes deeper than most of such demonstrations. The English cathedrals have represented so long the conservatism and exclusiveness of Britain's ecclesiastical life that it is difficult to credit the stories of hungry and noisy crowds shuffling over their pavements and disturbing the stately services. When St. Paul's itself is invaded and the *Marseillaise* is sung in an English place of worship it is time for legislators and sociologists to admit that the Submerged may become the Emerged. Little is said about the appearance or equipment of the men, but the emaciated women and puny, wasted children are described in a harrowing fashion. In most Canadian communities pauperism is hardly known and real gnawing hunger is a sensation that arouses an impatient pity that philanthropists in the seething centers of Europe can hardly understand. When there are great bare places on this continent and in Australia waiting for settlers there ought to be some means, as the English politician says, of "sending the landless man to the manless land."

The question naturally arises: "How many of the Unemployed are Employable?" The lot of the unskilled workman in a new country is not going to run in velvet grooves, but there is always room for the man who is willing to work and who is content to refrain from comparisons with "things at 'ome." In the meanwhile the thousands in London who have neither work nor bread are muttering ominously and the new Government is looked to for relief. Emigration is suggested as the only remedy, and some writers are urging that the agricultural districts of Great Britain afford a living, and point to the deserted *cliffters* in the northern part of the island as a region for the distressed. The latter counsellors have already been dubbed "Back-to-the-Landers," and their advice is not received with anything resembling enthusiasm. The truth in many of these cases is that a man would rather starve in the city than work in the country. The spell of the crowded street is on him and agricultural labor calls in vain. There may be room enough for all of us, but the trouble is that each one is anxious for his neighbor to try the experiment of plain living and high thinking, and urges the simple life on the other fellow. Among the causes of revolution, however, an empty stomach is not to be ignored.

MARK TWAIN, in the course of the witty speech which he delivered at the banquet tendered him in honor of his seventieth birthday, gave his hearers the following excellent advice: "I wish to urge upon you this—which I think is wisdom—that if you find you can't make seventy by any but an uncomfortable road, don't you go. When they take you off the Pullman and retire you to the rancid smoker, put on your things, count your checks, and get out at the first way station where there's a cemetery."

The trouble is that most people never actually board the chair-car of life, but plod wearily along the ties, dreaming vaguely that some day they will take their ease on the velvet cushions. We must be happy to-day or never at all; so it is well for us to enjoy life as we go, taking reasonable care not to squander the sources of to-morrow's pleasure, and laughing with what complacence we can summon at those who continually sound in our ears the dismal cry that we should all don hair shirts and make of life a joyless pilgrimage.

WE have just passed a season when even professional philanthropy assumes, for a day, a personal tinge that softens it into real sympathy. It is a curious fact that one who is actively engaged in benefiting humanity is sometimes cold to the individual sufferer and seems comparatively indifferent to the tragedy of the

"isolated case." The truth is that the man or woman who engages in such work on a great scale must have their susceptibility almost overwhelmed in contemplating the vastness of the misery. There is always something chilly and depressing about an "institution," however excellent may be the management, however well-intentioned the patrons. Orphan asylums and homes for the aged are dismal affairs at their best, when pervaded by the odors of soap and soap, while to be designated by a number, whether in a refuge or a prison, must be a devitalizing experience. A modern novelist speaking of a hard-working clergyman in the English metropolis says: "In his youth he had been an enthusiast—time and London soon made him conscientious only." It would be impossible for any man working in the slum districts of a great city to be affected deeply by each case of distress he applied himself to relieving. He would die or become insane before he had been six months a "slummer." Perhaps it has been noticed before that nearly all toilers of the class of professional philanthropists have an expression of either weariness or hardness, few of them wearing an aspect of cheerfulness or vivacity. Such persons are of necessity on their guard against imposters and the man with the hard luck yarn, and consequently are weighing in the balance each new applicant for sympathy or assistance. Those who have resorted to such appeals are usually not of a sensitive nature and can hardly be resentful of proper precautions and inquiries. But a brief visit to an institution of charitable order is enough to make most of us thank whatever stars rule our destiny that we are in no need of professional aid and are able as yet to assume the responsibility for our own failures and misfortunes. There is even in this age a great gulf fixed between charity as it is generally administered and the charity of the address to the *Corinthians*.

AT the beginning of every winter a large number of skaters are drowned in the rivers and lakes of the country. The present season has been no exception, several tragedies of this kind having already been reported. In a large percentage of these instances, as in the case of a majority of boating accidents in summer, those who lose their lives are the victims of recklessness or foolhardiness. It seems altogether idle to warn certain people not to point guns or rock boats or frolic on thin ice. Those who insist upon indulging in the last named pastime, however, might at least refrain from inducing others especially female companions, to accompany them. A man may endanger his life if he so chooses, but he should hesitate before endangering the lives of others, particularly of those who are unable to help themselves in an emergency.

A WOMAN who held the proud position of canteen-keeper to the 28th Dragoons at Sedan has had the good fortune to win the first prize of a million francs in the great French Press Lottery, and in consequence of the reported assertion that she intended to use the easily acquired money in "making others happy," she has received, it is said, fifteen thousand begging letters. Such a deluge of mendicant literature is a revelation of the extent of the belief, "From him that hath it should be taken." The would-be husbands range from a marquis, who is ready to bestow his title, to an "honest and honorable wholesale wheat merchant." Perhaps the most interesting suitor is one who begs to be tried first as her coachman, writing: "I enclose my photograph. As you will notice, I have a high forehead. It will tell you madame, that I possess much intelligence." An old soldier writes: "I love the army, and the ideal of my dreams is to marry a cantiniere."

The number of poets, artists and scientists whose genius requires only a few hundred francs to burst into full bloom is amazing and should be a rebuke to the pessimistic paraesthesia who think we are mere chasers of the dollar and that creative ability is of the past. It must be hard for the possessor of great wealth to keep himself from cynicism in the face of all these petitions, and he is likely to keep his money longer than his faith in disinterested humanity. Madame Hofer, the lucky cantiniere has followed a calling in which caution and shrewdness are speedily developed, and if she has the business prudence of the average Frenchwoman the lottery prize is likely to remain in her possession for a longer time than if it had been drawn by one of her patrons of the 28th Dragoons. Lotteries will always have a fascination for daring or indolent souls who prefer the fall of the dice or taking chances for a number, to the day's wages. As the conventional belief is that the lottery prize is soon dissipated, that it goes even more easily than it comes, it would be interesting to know just how these fortunes are spent and what are the final sensations of the winner.

The letters sent by embarrassed supplicants to Madame Hofer make curious reading, but they are said to be un-sensational in comparison with Mr. Carnegie's collection. There is one epistle in the latter bunch concerning which Toronto has a legitimate curiosity. It was written some three or four years ago and contained a remote reference to the literary needs of this community, in consequence of which we are to be honored with a Carnegie Culture Factory in some misty New Year after we have passed the "naughties."



On New Year's day Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt received and lunched nearly two hundred of the officers, ex-officers, non-coms. and bandsmen of the Q. O. R. at their handsome home in Sherbourne street. A presentation of a splendid silver punch-bowl was made to the cordial hostess and addresses eloquent with acknowledgment of Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt's many sterling qualities were made. The bandsmen came gallantly up Isabella street, playing in fine style, to the rendezvous. They and the non-coms. lunched in the Oriental ball-room downstairs, the officers and ex-officers being entertained in the dining room. Needless to say that in both quarters the hospitality was more than generous.

Mrs. Britton Francis will receive next Monday afternoon and on the first and third Mondays during the season at her home, Howard street. On Monday Miss Lola Powell of Ottawa, her sister, will receive with her. Miss Powell arrived on New Year's day on a visit to Mrs. Francis.

Any number of dainty reunions have been in order during the past ten days or more for Miss Naomi Temple. On the 27th Miss Cattanach gave a pretty luncheon for the bride-elect, at which the party included the maids and some intimate friends, and the table decoration forecast the sunny color scheme of the wedding, being of daffodils and narcissi. Miss Birdie Warren gave a luncheon at the club for her on the 28th, and after the marriage the best man took the maids and ushers to the King Edward for dinner, to the Princess for *Piff! Paff! Pouf!* the comic

opera, and also entertained them all at supper afterwards.

Mrs. Frank Anglin gave two bridge parties on Thursday and Friday afternoons. Mrs. Oliver Adams gave one on Thursday. The craze for bridge does not abate and matinees bridges are resulting in an epidemic of nervous headaches which dim the brightest eyes.

Miss Sandy of Picton has been in town for a few days this week, visiting friends in Prince Arthur avenue. Mrs. I. L. Nicholls has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Hector Lamont of Sherbourne street, and will be here until next Friday.

Mrs. W. P. R. Street gave a tea on Wednesday for Mrs. Lawson of Halifax. Mrs. Drynan gave a tea on the same day for her daughter, Mrs. Temple. The day was so frightfully hard on the "gees," who slid over the glassy asphalt most perilously, that many were house-bound from these and other events on Wednesday.

Mrs. Weston Brock is giving a tea next Wednesday, January 10, at her apartment in the St. George, from 4:30 to 7 o'clock.

An entertainment is to be given in St. George's Hall next Monday evening at eight o'clock, the proceeds of which are to go to meet the assessment for the battleship *Dominion* flag due by the Lord Nelson, Grace Darling and Sir George Kirkpatrick Chapters of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire. The entertainment will take the form of a cantata, *The Legend of the Wood*, preceded by a short concert at which Madame Albertini has been good enough to promise to sing, Miss Madeline Evans to play the cello and Miss Brodigan the piano, and at time of writing some recitations were also being arranged for. The tickets, at 75 and 50 cents, may be had from the Regents, Miss Adele Nordheimer, Miss Goodham and Miss Brodigan. Any surplus after the sum required for the flag is realized is to go to the Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Miss Lucile Graham, one of last November's *debutantes*, left on Thursday for Winnipeg on a visit to her uncles, Mr. J. A. M. Aikins and Mr. J. S. Aikins. She will doubtless have as good a time as I hear Miss Annie Michie is enjoying in the Prairie City.

Next Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock Dr. Helen MacMurphy will lecture in the Normal theater on "Emergencies in the Home," under the auspices of the Canadian Household Economic Association.

Mrs. C. D. Warren's dance in honor of her daughter, Miss Patti, who was a *debutante* of last November, came off with much *éclat* at McConkey's on Tuesday night, about two hundred and fifty guests being present. Mr. and Mrs. Warren and Miss Patti welcomed their guests at the entrance to the ball-room, and the dance began soon after nine o'clock. The hostess wore a very rich and becoming gown of white satin brocade very faintly touched with color, and her daughter a very fetching Empire gown of richest white satin, almost plain, and in which she looked most charming. The orchestra was set in the musicians' gallery over the entrance and was large and able, the dances being rattling good ones, and the young folks often joining in with voice of song to some favorite melody. Mr. and Mrs. Warren of Elgin avenue and Miss Gertrude Warren, who also came out this season, were among those enjoying the dance. Lady Kirkpatrick wore black with a large and lovely bit of fine lace; Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston brought Miss Ida Kortright and Miss Jessie Johnston; Mrs. Tom Clark brought Miss Mary and Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord; Miss Jean; Miss Maud Park came with Miss Kathleen Gordon and Miss Davidson, the Misses Cross, Miss Eisdale, Miss Norah Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, who is bringing out his fine eldest son this month; Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Captain Cream, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sherris, Miss Mary Campbell, Messrs. Heward, Messrs. Henderson, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, Dr. Bruce, Miss Bailey of England, Miss Ina Matthews, Mrs. Somerville of Atherley, who brought Miss Evelyn; Miss Austin of Spadina, Colonel Hemming and Miss Grace Hemming, Mr. MacMillan, D. S. O., Mr. F. Stanley Morrison, Captain Ridout, the Misses Sweatman, Mr. Jean des Chadenes, Mr. Stuart Green, Mrs. and Miss Arnoldi, Miss Niven of London, Mr. Louis Gibson, the Misses Nordheimer of Glenelyst, Miss Helen Law, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Gibson Cassells, Mr. and Miss Susie Cassells, Major Michie, Miss Helen Davidson, Mr. H. and Miss Gowski, Mr. Burnett Laing, Mr. Long, Miss Elaine Hodgins, Major and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Hyde of Buffalo, Mr. Cambie, Mr. Frank and Miss Helen Matthews, the Misses Clarkson Jones, Mr. Selby Martin, Messrs. Wright, Mr. Eric Armour, Mr. McMurray, Miss Alice Shaughnessy, Miss Maude Tyrrell, a number of the cadets from R. M. C., Mr. Casey Wood, Messrs. Sterling Ryerson, the Misses Egerton Ryerson, Miss Murray, Mrs. and Miss Machray, Mrs. Van Koughnet, Miss Hilda Reid, Miss Jessie Macleod, Mr. Reginald Pellatt, Captain Walter Denison. Supper was served about half past eleven in the upstairs cafe, tables decorated with pink flowers being set for four, six or more, and a *table d'honneur*, at which most of the married people sat, being arranged in the center. It was altogether a most charming dance and went with much verve from start to finish.

Mrs. Mackenzie's dance at Benvenuto last evening occurred too late for notice this week. Everyone was looking forward with the liveliest anticipations to it, as sure to be all that was elegant and pleasant.

There will, weather permitting, be a huge exodus to the Hunt Club this evening, any number of persons having signified their intention of dining there. The usual carpet dance will follow the dinner.

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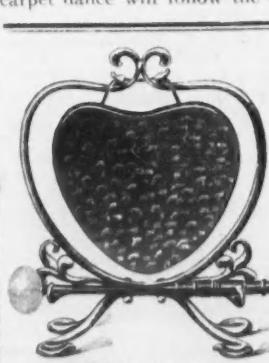
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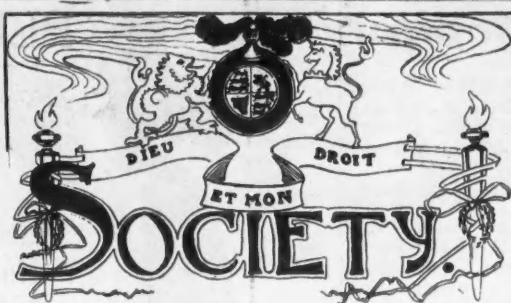
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Three large dances have brightened the holiday season since this chronicle was last filled, and each has its champions who avow it excelled its rivals. The military dance on Friday of Christmas week, which was held in the King Edward, was a larger and more general affair than that of last year, and what it gained in importance it lost in *chic*, for there is nothing so fatal to the latter quality as a crowd. But it was a right royal hospital and the gallant men of Stanley Barracks were generous and spared nothing to ensure a good time for their guests. The floor (but one is tired of reiterating praises of that perfect surface, upon which good dancers float in sublime content and even poor ones don't do so badly), was a temptation to everyone; the music was good, though I heard several energetic mortals say it was a shade slower in tempo than usual; the supper was most appetizing and everyone seemed to be dancing, flirting, laughing and sipping *con amore*. It has been for some time a question whether a hotel manager has the right to reserve the main corridor for any society event, and on the evening of the officers' dance some of the outer world asserted their opinion on that subject by parading through the brilliant throng in the corridor at midnight, in hats, coats and street wraps. Needless to say, this provoked adverse comment, but had only one significance. When the guests arrived at nine they were directed from the cloak-rooms to the ball-room, where, before the flower-laden and mirrored sideboard, Mrs. Hemming stood with Mrs. Nattress and welcomed them, in the cordial, pleasant way which has made her so universally popular here. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and the Misses Clark were among the first to make their entree, and a brilliant queue of handsomely gowned women, charming girls and winsome *debutantes*, with the proper complement of red jackets, rifle-green jackets, kilts and plain *costume de corbeau* in attendance, filed past the saluting point. Almost all the hosts had relatives at the dance, and those whose family ties are stretched outside the lines too far for invitations to the gala night to be considered favorably seemed to have been firmly adopted by any number of foster relatives, whom they danced attendance upon faithfully. A trumpeter blew a hair-raising blast for each dance, recalling loiterers in the many cosy corners, the "refrigerator," as a wag called the refreshingly cooled yellow drawing-room, and reminding the most obtuse "skippers" of their next duty. Among the crowds of smart people were Lady Mulock in sequined lace, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn in dark green chiffon velvet, General and Mrs. Otter, Colonel King of Kingsville, Major Rathbun of Deseronto, Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, who came with Lieutenant Garnet Denison, R.E., who is home on leave, and his pretty little *fiancée*, Miss Agnes Keating, the happy young folks receiving hearty congratulations from those in the know; Signor and Madame de Diaz Albertini, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi and Miss Joan Arnoldi, Mrs. and Miss Vira Stirling, Miss Shaughnessy and Miss Estelle Holland of Montreal, Miss Fielding of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. de Leigh Wilson and Miss Burnham, Miss Park, Miss Davidson, Miss Kathleen Gordon, Miss Wormum and Miss Elsie Willmore, Mr. and Miss Case, Mr. A. and the Misses Nordheimer, the Misses Clarkson Jones, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander of Meadowbank, Mr. and Mrs. Britton Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, the Misses and Mr. V. Nordheimer of Glenelth, the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. and Mrs. Grantham, Miss Elmsley of Barnstall, Messrs. Elmsley, Lieutenant-Commander and Miss Law, Miss Franklin Thompson, the Misses McMurrich, the Misses Warren, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. George Higinbotham, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. and the Misses Kerr of Rathnelly, Miss Austin of Spadina, the Misses Morrison, Miss Siser of Buffalo, Miss Louie Strathy, Mr. and Miss Heron, the Misses Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Miss Dora Rowden, Mr. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Mr. Beardmore of Cludleigh, Messrs. Beardmore, Mrs. and Miss Machray, Miss Matthews, Miss Somerville, the Misses Heward, Miss Gladys Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Scott, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gwynn, the Misses Phillips, Miss Mary Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, the Misses Francis, Mr. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Magann, Miss Langmuir, Captain Ridout, Mr. Young, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. Wyndham Newton, Mr. Sidney Band, Mr. John Kilgour, Miss Dora Labatt and Miss Niven of London, Mr. and Miss Joy Dr. and Mr. Bruce, Colonel Stimson, Miss Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne and Mrs. Escombe, Miss Coddington, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Smith, Captain and Mrs. Millar, Miss Elsie Keefer, Mr. Andras, Miss Brouse, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Miss Eisdale, Miss Miles, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Barwick, Miss Lawlor, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Wright, Messrs. Taylor, Captain Crean, Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick, Mr. Selby Martin, Mr. Daily, a West Point cadet in the grey and black uniform of the great military college, who is a cousin of Miss Patti Warren, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. Wadsworth, Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Archibald, Miss Jessie Malcolm, were a few of the hundreds of guests present. I heard enquiry for Major Cockburn, V.C., who was *hors de combat* with an attack of neuralgia.

Andras, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. Temple Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler and Miss Ruby Ramsay, Miss Shaughnessy and Miss Holland, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Fisk, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, the Misses Clarkson Jones, Mr. Wyly Grier, Mr. Heward, Mrs. Osler of Ottawa, Dr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Rev. Edward and Mrs. Cayley, Captain Des Voeux, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Tempie, Mr. and Mrs. C. McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Allan Cassels, Miss Niven and Miss Moore of London, were a few of the guests.

Mrs. Lockie Hamilton's tea last week in honor of Madame Langley, the violinist of the English Grand Concert Company, brought together the congenial friends one always meets at her little reunions, and gave all an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the beautiful and gifted guest of honor, and also of meeting two of the concert company, the baritone and manager, Mr. Stanley Adams, and the youthful Australian pianist, Miss Meggy, both of whom made many friends. Mr. Adams being particularly facile in that respect. It was just a small tea, but so delightful to artistic people that they stopped late to enjoy it. Mrs. Hay assisted her hostess-sister in looking after the guests and seeing that each met the guest of honor. Mr. Dickson Patterson, who is looking very well indeed after his sojourn in Winnipeg, was one of the guests the others being musical and literary people, generally speaking.

Mrs. Thomas Tait and Miss Winifred will, according to latest news, sail for Europe on April 16 from Melbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn will meet them there for the summer.

I hear that the Marchioness of Donegall, who is now visiting Mr. A. R. Creelman in Redpath street, Montreal, is expected here shortly on a visit to Mrs. Gwyn Francis, a former schoolmate. The world of rumor has also been agitating itself on the Marchioness's account with some interesting prophecies which I have not yet verified.

Miss Alice Shaughnessy was persuaded to remain over this week for the gay doings, but assures me she is really truly going back to Montreal at once.

Mrs. Barnard (*nee* Coldham) is giving a bridge at McConkey's on Tuesday and has asked a few friends to tea afterwards.

Mrs. Schoenberger is giving a house dance on Monday evening before bidding her friends farewell and leaving for Europe.

Miss Hillman of New York has been spending Christmas with Mrs. Thomas Alison, College street, and leaves for Bradford to pay a visit to Mrs. A. B. Yager before returning home.

Rain, ice and wind coated the orange tree on Wednesday, when it bloomed bravely for the marriage of Miss Naomi Temple and Mr. James E. McMullen, but no weather however wicked could spoil so pretty an event nor chill and dampen the glow and brightness of its atmosphere. St. Stephen's church was the scene of the interesting ceremony, which was witnessed by the relatives of the bride and groom and the charming quartette of maids with the ushers who formed the bridal party, and was performed by the rector, Rev. J. S. Broughall. The bride was brought in and given away by her father and looked her very best in a beautiful Duchess satin robe trimmed with fine Honiton lace, her fair face half concealed by a veil of Honiton lace, which covered her mother's and two sisters' heads at their several bridals, and has also done duty for cousins elsewhere, a veil, in short, of tradition and importance, which was fastened by a smart little crown of orange blossoms and white heather. The bridal bouquet was of lily of the valley, and the whole effect dainty in the extreme. The maids were Miss Vansittart, the bride's cousin, Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Helen Cattanach and a small flower-girl, Miss Elizabeth McMurrich. The three maids wore extremely pretty gowns of finest primrose *crepe de soie* over buttercup silk, the princess fashion being carried out by soft pleats at the waist, and cream lace used as trimming. The hats were of cream lace, with frilled underbrims and *cachet-pièce* of ostrich plume held by a band of silver tissue. Pale sunset roses were carried by the maids and they wore the groom's gifts, bar pins of gold set with large pearls. Little Miss McMurrich was in white lace and mouseline with poiret bonnet of net and a basket of lily of the valley. Mr. Robert McMullen, brother of the groom, was best man, and Mr. Willie Kirkpatrick, son of the late Sir George Kirkpatrick, Dr. Hardy and Mr. Reginald Geary were bride's ushers. The men received pearl pins as souvenirs of the happy day, from the groom. Mrs. Temple received the party and a few friends at Miss Skae's home in Murray street, and after the reception Mrs. McMullen made ready for her departure, wearing a green velvet costume and handsome mink furs with hat *en suite*. The bridal gifts were quite beautiful; a very fine mahogany cabinet, a fine set of crystal, some rich furniture and a lovely dessert set of Coalport china, the last named from Mr. McMullen's "chief," Mr. A. R. Creelman, were among them. The bride and groom left in a private car for Buffalo and New York, and will be back next week for a brief visit before going to their home in Vancouver, B.C.

Miss Anna Currie Blong, third daughter of Mrs. Margaret Blong, Kensington avenue, Eglinton, was united in marriage on Wednesday to Mr. Andrew Fullerton Macallum, civil engineer. The marriage was a quiet one, only the members of the two families being present. The Rev. J. C. Tibb, M.A., officiated. The bride was attired in a blue travelling dress, with ermine hat, stole and muff. Mr. and Mrs. Macallum on their honeymoon trip will visit New York, Washington, D.C., and other points of interest.

The officers and members of University College Literary and Scientific Society will give their annual At Home on January 11, in the Gymnasium.

The Delayed Response.

Uncle Johnny Major was a Southern gentleman who possessed more acres and servants than present-mindedness.

It was the duty of one servant, Mose, always to open the big gate when his master drove to church. One Sunday morning Mose was uncertain whether to close the gate or leave it open; so he cried out as Uncle Johnny drove through, "Massa, m'st I shut de gate?"

In the village church five miles away pastor and people were astonished when Uncle Johnny, half-way down the aisle, halted with sudden recollection, half-turned, and said, "Yes, Mose; shut the gate!"

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Church—That man Hughes, who is conducting the insurance investigation, is a lucky man.

Gotham—Why so?

Church—He won't be bothered with insurance agents calling at his office and telling him the advantages of insuring in their companies for a long time.

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Mrs. R. M. Browning, 247 Brock avenue, 2nd and 4th
Fridays.
Mrs. Samuel Pedlar, 247 Brock avenue, 2nd and 4th
Fridays.
Mrs. Livingstone, Avenue road, 3rd Thursday and
Friday.
Miss C. L. Hillyard, Studio, 9 Sultan, Saturdays.
Mrs. William Johnston, Bernard avenue, 1st and 3rd
Fridays.
Miss Kate Millar, 138 Bedford road, 1st and 3rd Fridays.
Mrs. R. S. Wilson, 208 Bloor west, Fridays in Janu-
ary.
Mrs. R. Lizars Smith, the Sussex, 1st and 2nd Tues-
days.
Mrs. Machell, Bellevue avenue, Thursdays in Febru-
ary.
Mrs. R. C. Clute, 19 Walmer road, 1st and 3rd Fridays.
Mrs. S. T. Gilbert, 389 Brunswick ave, 1st Friday.
Mrs. M. W. McGillivray, 20 Huron street, 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Some confusion in two announcements of reception
days gave Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, 68 St. Mary street, Mon-
days instead of Wednesdays in January. Mrs. and Miss
Hamilton receive next and the following Wednesdays.
Miss Hamilton leaves on January 26 to visit her sister,
Mrs. Allworth, in Montreal.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn left yesterday for a
visit of some months in England.

Dr. James McLeod and Mr. Charles McLeod, who
have spent the holidays with their people in Crescent road,
returned to Buffalo on Tuesday.

Dr. G'enholm MacDougall came down from Moose
Jaw for a holiday visit and is going to settle in Port
Arthur.

Dr. Badgerow was a welcome guest at the military
dance on Friday, having returned from England on
Christmas eve.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro was in town last week at
the King Edward and left on Saturday for Ottawa, where
she is the guest of Mrs. Sifton. Mr. Patterson is at the
West coast for a few weeks.

Mrs. George W. Erb of Winnipeg will receive with
her sister, Mrs. C. S. Boone of east Bloor street, on Mon-
day next, January 8th.

The long-expected Benedict's and Bachelors' ball at
the King Edward, Sudbury's palatial hotel, has taken
place, and perhaps no entertainment in the history of
Sudbury has ever been such a success, over 250 being
present, many coming from a distance to attend. The
combinations of delicately tinted satins, filmy muslins and
laces, with here and there a beautiful black gown, and the
many pretty women, together with the brilliantly lighted
dancing-rooms, altogether made a most picturesque effect;
it seemed as if everyone looked their best and one felt
as one watched the dancers in the beautiful dancing-
rooms or flitting about the handsome corridors and rotunda,
as if one were transported to the hotel's namesake in
Toronto, and it is certainly worthy of its appellation.
The committee who have exerted themselves in getting
up this ball are to be warmly congratulated, for it cer-
tainly was a success from every point. The music by
the orchestra was excellent. A very tasty supper
was served in the handsome reception-room, the refresh-
ments being arranged on large tables decorated with
palms, and many small tables were placed about the room,
making supper a delightfully comfortable affair, and at
the same time a very informal one. The guests were re-
ceived by the lady patrons in the rotunda, among
whom were noticed Mrs. W. J. Bell and Mrs. Charles
McCrea, who are well known in Toronto. Among those
present were the following: Hon. Frank and Mrs. Coch-
rane, Miss Cochran, Mr. Wilbur Cochran, Captain
Lumb, Captain I. E. Leckie, D.S.O., Captain E. Dunlop,
Mr. Ronald Harris (London), Miss Field (Brockville),
Mrs. A. R. Allan (Brockville), Captain Lorne Hale,
Lieutenant-Colonel Rogers (Ottawa), Major Morrison,
D.S.O., Miss Trotter, Miss O. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. G. E.
McGladie, Mr. Blackburn, Judge Leask, Mr. and Mrs. W.
E. Burritt, Dr. and Mrs. Henthall, Miss Winnifred
Rankin, Miss Beatrice White, Mr. F. M. Rutter, Miss G.
Smith, Mr. A. P. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bell, Mr.
and Mrs. Charles McCrea, Captain and Mrs. Lawson, Dr.
and Mrs. Struthers, Mr. C. Turner, Mr. C. F. Galbraith,
Mr. H. E. Hunter, Mr. H. Cantin, Mr. R. H. Evans,
Major and Mrs. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Gray, Major and
Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs.
D. M. Brodie, Captain and Mrs. Cressy, Captain and
Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Brady, Mr. and Mrs.
I. Nelson, the Misses Brady, the Misses Varin, Miss
Doran, Miss King, Miss P. Worthington, Major Leckie,
the Misses Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McKinnon, Miss
K. McKinnon, Mr. W. J. Montgomery, Dr. Switzer, Mr. G.
Buchanan, Mr. I. E. Ainsden, Miss Evans, Misses Boydell,
Mr. C. M. Parkes, Miss Cantin, Miss Northrup, Mr.
and Mrs. Skene, Mr. I. Orr, Miss Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. N.
Hillary and many others.

A New Miracle.

The Artistic Progress of the New Province of Alberta

Ten years ago the possibility of a college in Northern Alberta was as remote as grand opera in Abyssinia—or a permanent professional orchestra in Toronto. But this is an amazing country and we are beginning to learn that the possibilities of yesterday are the actualities of to-day. There is such a college—it is in Edmonton, and it is called the Alberta College. It gives a full arts course, and has besides a department of music conducted on the most approved methods by no less a musician than Mr. Percy S. Hook, formerly organist of the Western Congregational Church in this city, and a graduate of the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Hook is assisted by Miss Beatrice Crawford, a pianist well known in Woodstock, Ontario, Misses Ethel R. Webster and Edith Webster of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and Mr. W. G. Plowright, who studied in Leipzig. The college is working on right lines, and has become affiliated for examination purposes with the Toronto College of Music. Last year the attendance was very large, and this year the equipment had to be increased. Mr. Hook, of course, knew of the name the Gourlay piano was making in Eastern Canada, but as he had had no opportunity to give the instrument a personal test, he asked Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming to forward him a piano on approval. They did so, and a few days ago received a letter from Alberta College to the effect that the piano would be purchased. It is evident that the College Board and the principal of its music department are determined to have the best instruments made in this country, even though they may cost more than the ordinary Canadian piano.

Society at the Capital

ANCES galore for the "semi-readys," a large ball for the full-fledged members of the gay world and another fashionable wedding were the leading features in last week's programme of society events.

The ball, which was decidedly the piece de resistance, was given by Mrs. Travers Lewis in the old Racquet Court, to introduce her eldest daughter, Miss Norah Lewis, who is one of the most attractive of this year's debutantes, and who looked very pretty and girlish, standing with her parents to receive the many guests. Her gown was an exceedingly handsome one of white Liberty satin, and her fair beauty was greatly enhanced by the addition of a wreath of pink rosebuds in her hair. She carried a beautiful bouquet of pink roses and on a table beside her stood several other floral offerings, representing the good wishes of many of her friends. The Racquet Court has previously been too often described as a perfectly satisfactory ball-room to need repetition, and the fact that the band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards provided the music is equal to saying nothing more could be desired in that line. Several members of the Government House party honored the occasion with their presence, including Lady Victoria and Mr. Arthur Grenfell, the Lady Alix Beauclerc, Captain Trotter, Mr. Leveson Gower, Mr. Ward and Mr. Ronald Lindsay, of the British Embassy at Washington, the last named of whom was a guest of Lord and Lady Grey's.

The gowns worn on Wednesday evening were particularly smart and handsome, many new ones being remarked. A noticeable feature was the number of married people who were present, and most of them entered into the spirit of dancing with quite as much zest as the younger lot. A surplus of men was quite an agreeable feature to the fair sex, who consequently did not want for partners, and the presence of a large number of Royal Military College cadets who are in Ottawa for the festive season also added to the enjoyment of the many "buds." Altogether it was a most successful ball in every respect and not a hitch occurred to mar the thorough enjoyment of the dance, which was kept up until 2 a.m.

The last of the trio of interesting and fashionable December weddings came off on Wednesday afternoon at St. George's Church, when Miss Ethel Winifred White, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Fred White, Comptroller of the North-West Mounted Police, and Mrs. White, became the bride of Mr. Edward Faquier. It was a quiet wedding, only the near relatives of both families being present. The church looked exceedingly pretty with its Christmas decorations of holly and evergreens and the addition of numbers of cut flowers, floral bells, etc. The service, conducted by Rev. Mr. Snowdon and Rev. Mr. Woolcombe, who also officiated at a similar ceremony for the bride's sister earlier in the month, was fully choral, and the wedding march was sweetly rendered as the bridal party came up the aisle, the bride leaning on her father's arm, and attended by her sister, Miss Mildred White. The bride's robe des noës was of handsome embroidered *crepe de Chine*, and a most becoming picture hat of white, trimmed with rosebuds and ostrich plumes, was worn in place of the ordinary orthodox veil. A bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley added the finishing touch to a most exquisite bridal toilette. The only bridesmaid wore a costume of Alice blue broadcloth, the coat of which opened over a white silk blouse, a large hat of the same shade as the dress trimmed with tulle and white plumes, and carried a sheaf of American Beauty roses. Mr. Charles J. Jones of the Governor-General's office was best man. After the ceremony a short time was spent at the White family residence in wishing the happy couple every good wish possible and in viewing the many extremely handsome wedding gifts, and at 4:30 Mr. and Mrs. Faquier left for New York, where they expect to remain until January 6th, when they will sail for Cairo, Egypt, to remain until the early spring. Mrs. Faquier's going-away gown was a tailored one of black and white, with which she wore a handsome set of ermine furs and a large black picture hat with touches of blue and gold. The groom presented the bride with a magnificent diamond and pearl necklace and pendant set in platinum, and to the bridesmaid he gave a diamond and pearl pendant. Guests from out of town were Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Arnoldi of Toronto, relatives of the groom, and Mr. and the Misses Baker of Montreal, uncle and cousins of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy White arrived in town from their honeymoon in time for Christmas and the wedding, and left on Thursday for New York, whence they sailed for their future home in Portsmouth, England.

The younger members of the "young set," or the "not-outs" as they are termed, have certainly had their innings in the matter of dances during the holiday week. Commencing with Tuesday, on that evening Mrs. Roberts Allan gave a large dance for her holiday visitors, Miss Edith and Mr. Willie Goodwin of Kingston, and from start to finish of the evening there was not a dull moment, as goes without saying where there is a combination of youthful spirits and an excellent hostess.

Mrs. T. Ahearn of Buena Vista followed suit on Thursday evening, when the many friends of her daughter, Miss Lilius Ahearn, who will be one of next season's "buds," were the guests of the evening, including many who have already tasted of the joys of being "out" as well as those who yet have that pleasure in store. The house was beautifully decorated with hosts of flowers as well as emblems of the Christmas season, including a beautiful illuminated Christmas tree. Mrs. Ahearn wore a costume of pale grey *crepe de Chine* brightened with touches of rose *panne* velvet, and Miss Lilius Ahearn, who is an extremely handsome and stylish young girl, was gowned in white embroidered chiffon over silk trimmed with Limerick lace. The large drawing-room provided ample space for dancing and the dining-room made an excellent supper-room.

Mrs. W. H. A. Fraser was another hostess who succeeded in giving the holidaymakers a merry time on Friday evening, when the friends of her daughter, Miss Mildred Fraser, were the participants. The large handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser offered every facility for the entertainment of the many young people.

As usual teas were not overlooked in the round of festivities, the largest of which was one on Friday, when Mrs. W. J. Anderson, wife of the manager of the Bank of Montreal, was the hostess. All the appointments, as usual with this more than ordinarily popular hostess, were perfectly carried out, and a party from the Viceregal household were present, comprised of Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Lady Susan Dawney, the Lady Alix Beauclerc, Captain Trotter, Captain Newton and Mr. Leveson Gower.

The most recently announced engagement in the Capital is that of Miss Lillian Chesterton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chesterton of Copley Cottage, Lisgar street, and granddaughter of Mr. John Ashworth, to Mr. Algernon Duff of the Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg. Mr. Duff spent Christmas and New Year's in town.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bell entertained in honor of the visiting geologists at a delightful supper party on Thursday night after Dr. Clarke's lecture in the Normal school. Mrs. Bell also gave a reception for these distinguished Americans on Wednesday afternoon, when a large number of Ottawans availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting these interesting visitors.

THE CHAPERONE.

January 1st, 1906.

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Flowers of Paradise

By Alice Brown.

ETTY NILES, with a sudden distaste for her lonely kitchen, its bare cleanliness the more revealed by the February sun, caught her shawl from the nail and threw it over her head. She spoke aloud, in a way she had taken up within the last week, while her solitude was still vocal with notes out of the living past:-

"I'll go over an' see Still Lucy." Her dry face, hardened to all weathers, wore a look of anguish, an emotion that smouldered in the hollows about the eyes, and was tensely drawn around the mouth. She was like one of the earth forces, or an earth servitor, scarred by work and trouble, and yet so unused to patience that when it was forced upon her she felt suffocated by it. She hurried out into the fitful weather, and closed her door behind her. With her shawl hugged closely, she took the path across the fields, a line of dampness in the spongy turf, and, head down, made her way steadily to the little white house where Still Lucy, paralyzed for over thirty years, lay on the sofa, knitting lace. Hetty walked into this kitchen with as little ceremony as she had used in leaving her own. She withdrew the shawl from her head, saying, in the act-

"How do, Lucy?"

The woman looked up from her work, and nodded brightly. To the casual eye she was not of a defined age. Her face was un wrinkled and its outline delicate, and her blue eyes were gay with even a childish pleasure. She looked invitingly at the world, as if it could give her nothing undesired. Yet the soft hair rising in a crown from her forehead was white as silver, and her little hands were old. She was covered to the waist with a cheerful quilt. Her fingers went in and out unceasingly upon her work, while her bright glance traveled about the room. The stove gave out the moist heat of a kitchen fire where the pot is boiling, and the cat cocked a sleepy eye in the sun. Hetty seated herself by the stove, and stretched her hand absently toward its warmth.

"Parson's be'n in," she said abruptly. "Caroline said so," returned Lucy, in her sweet, husky old voice. "I thought likely."

"He says I must be resigned," continued Hetty, with the same brusque emphasis.

"Oh, yes!" said Lucy. She spoke as if it were a task to be accepted gratefully.

"To the will o' God, 'Parson,' says I, 'I don't believe in God!'" Lucy's fingers caught out a tangle in her thread, while her delicate brow knotted itself briefly.

"Ain't that hard!" she breathed.

Hetty was brooding over the fire. "That's what I told him," she went on. "An' I don't. I don't know's ever I did, to speak of. It never really came up till now. He repeated texts o' Scriptur'. 'Parson,' says I, 'you ain't a woman that had one son as good a boy as ever stepped, an' then lost him. Tain't a week,' says I, 'sence he was carried out o' this house. Don't you talk to me about God!'"

Lucy was looking at her with eloquent responses in her face. Hetty glanced up, and partly understood them. "Nor you neither, Lucy," she made haste to say. "You're terrible pious, an' you've had your troubles, an' they've be'n heavy; but you ain't had an' lost. If I could take it on me to-day to lay there as you be, knowin' I shouldn't get up no more, I'd jump at it if I could have Willard back, whistlin' round an' cuttin' up didos. Yes, I would."

"I guess you would," murmured Lucy to herself. "It's too bad—too bad."

There was a step on the doorstop, and Caroline came in. She was Lucy's sister, gaunt and dark-eyed, with high cheek-bones, and the red of health upon them. She regarded Hetty piercingly.

"You got company over to your house?" she asked at once.

"No," Hetty answered. She added quickly, "It's stiller in the grave. I don't expect company no more."

"Well," commented Caroline. She had laid aside her shawl, and began fruitful sallies about the kitchen, putting in a stick of wood, catching off the lid from the pot, to regard the dinner with a frowning brow, and then sitting down to extricate from her pocket a small something rolled in her handkerchief.

"I've be'n into Mis' Flood's," she said, "an' she gi'n me this." She walked over to her sister, bearing the treasure with a joyous pride. "It's as nice a slip o' rose geranium as ever I see."

Hetty's face contracted sharply.

"I've throwed away the flowers," she said.

Both sisters glanced at her in sympathetic knowledge. Caroline was busily setting out the slip in a side of the calla pot, and she got a tumbler to cover it.

"Them parson's wife sent over?" she asked.

Hetty nodded. "There was a dozen of 'em," she continued, with pride, "white carnation pinks."

"She sent 'way to Fairfax for 'em," said Caroline. "Her girl told me. Handsome, wa'n't they?"

"They wa'n't no handsomer'n what come from round here," said Hetty jealously, "not a mite. There you sent over your calla, an' Mis' Flood cut off that last piece o' German ivy, an' the little Ballard gal—nothin' would do but she must pick all them gloxinias an' have 'em for Willard's funeral. I didn't hardly know there was so many flowers in the world, in winter time." She mused a moment, her face fallen into grief. Then she roused herself. "What'd you mean by askin' if I had company?" she interrogated Caroline.

"Nothin', on'y they say Susan's boy's round here."

"Susan's boy? From out West?"

Caroline nodded.

"He was into Mis' Flood's yesterday," she said, "inquirin' all about you. Said he hadn't seen you since he was a little feller. Said he shouldn't hardly dast to call, now you an' his mother wa'n't on terms. Seems 'if he knew

all about that trouble over the land."

Hetty's face lighted scornfully. "Trouble over the land!" she echoed. "Who made the trouble? That's what I want to know—who made it? Susan Hill May, that's who made it. You needn't look at me, Lucy. I ain't pious, as you be, an' I don't care if she is my step-sister. You know how 't was, as well as I do. Mother left me the house because I was a widder an' poor as poverty, an' she left Susan the pastur'. 'T was always understood I was to pastur' my cow in that pastur', Susan livin' out West an' all, an' I always had, sence Benjamin died; but the minute mother left me the house, Susan May set up her Ebenezer I shouldn't have the use o' that pastur'. She's way out West there, an' she don't want it; but she'd see it sunk ruther'n I should have the good on't."

"Well," said Lucy soothingly, "you ain't pastur' there sence she forbid it."

"No, I guess I ain't," returned Hetty, rising to go. "Nor I ain't set foot in it. What's Mis' Flood say about Susan's boy?" she asked abruptly, turning to Caroline.

"Well," Caroline hesitated—"she said he was in liquor when he called, an' she heard he'd be carryin' on some over the street."

Hetty nodded grimly. She spoke with an exalted sadness.

"I ain't surprised. Susan drove her husband to drink, an' she'd drive a saint. Well, my Willard was as good a boy as ever stepped. That's all I got to say."

The sisters had exchanged according glances, and Caroline asked:—

"Stay an' set down with us? It's biled dish. I guess you can smell it."

Hetty was drawing her shawl about her. She shook her head.

"No," said she. "Bleeged to ye. I'll pick up suthin'."

But later, entering her own kitchen, she stopped and drew a sharp breath, like an outcry against the desolation there. The room was in its homely order, to be broken, she felt, no more. She was childless. All the zest of work had gone. She threw off her shawl then, with a savage impatience at her own grief, and began her tasks. In the midst of them she paused, laid down her cooking spoon, and sank into a chair.

"O Lord!" she moaned. "My Lord!"

This was the worst of all the days since he had died. She understood it now. The flowers were gone. They had formed a link between the present and that day when they made the sitting-room so sweet. Even the fragrance of that last sad hour had gone.

Suddenly she laughed, a bitter note. She spoke aloud:—

"If the Lord'll send me some flowers afore to-morrow night, I'll believe in Him. If He'll send me one flower or a sprig o' green, I'll believe in Him, an' hold up my head rejoicin', like Still Lucy."

She repeated the words, as if to One who heard. Thereafter a quickened energy possessed her. She got her dinner alertly, and with some vestige of the interest she had been used to feel when she cooked for two. All the afternoon it was the same. Her mind dwelt passionately upon the compact she had offered the Unseen. Over and over she repeated the terms of it, sometimes with eager commentary.

"It can't hurt nobody," she reasoned, in piteous argument. Her guarded hands trembled as she worked, and now, with nobody to note her weakness, tears fell unregarded down her face.

"There's things I wouldn't ask for, whether or no. Mebbe they'd have to be took away from somebody else; an' I never was one to plead up poverty. But there's plenty o' flowers in the world. 'T wouldn't upset nothin' for me to have jest one afore to-morrow night. If I can have one flower afore to-morrow night, I shall know there's a God in heaven!"

The day began with a sense of newness and exaltation at which she wondered. Until this hour, death had briefly ruled the house and chilled the air in it. Her son's overthrow had struck at the heart of her vitality and presaged her own swift doom. All lesser interests had dwindled and grown poor; her life seemed flickering out like a taper in the breeze. Now grief had something to leaven it. Something had set up a screen between her and the wind of unmerciful events. There was a possibility, not a reprieve, but of a message from the unseen good, and for a moment the candle of her life burned steadily. Since the dead could not return, stricken mortality had one shadowy hope; that it should go, in its turn, to them, and find them living. Again she vowed her belief to the God who would send one sign of His well-wishing toward her.

"I'll set till twelve o'clock this night," she said grimly, laying her morning fire. "That's eighteen hours. If He can't do suthin' in eighteen hours, He can't ever do it."

At ten o'clock her work was done, and she established herself by the sitting-room window, her knitting in hand, to watch for him who was to come. A warm excitement flooded through her veins.

"How my heart beats!" she said aloud. It had hurried through the peril of Willard's illness and the disaster of his death. It was hurrying now, as if it meant to gallop with her from the world.

At half-past ten there was the sound of wheels. She dropped her knitting and put her hand up to her throat. A carriage turned the bend in the road and passed the clump of willows. It was the minister's wife, driving at a good pace and leaning out to bow. Hetty rose, trembling, her hand on the window sill. But the minister's wife gave another smiling nod and flicked the horse. She was not the messenger.

Hetty sank back to her work, and knit, with trembling fingers. The forenoon wore on. It was Candiemas, and cloudy, and she remembered that the badger would not go back into his hole. There would be an early spring. Then grief caught her again by the throat, at



Tommy—Let's play at Zoo, and Uncle be the elephant.
Elsie—Oh no, he's not a bit like an elephant.
Uncle—Quite right, my dear.
Elsie—I think he'd make a much better hippopotamus!

the thought that spring might come, and summer greater, but she was a stricken woman whose joy would not return. She rose from her chair and called out passionately:—

"Only one flower, jest one sprig o' suthin', an' I'll be contented!"

That day she had no dinner. She made it ready, with a scrupulous exactitude, but she could not eat. She went back to her post at the window. Nobody went by. Of all the neighbors who might have driven to market, not one appeared. Life itself seemed to be stricken from her world. At four o'clock she caught her shawl from its nail, and ran across the field to Lucy. Both sisters were at home, in the still tranquility of their pursuits, Lucy knitting and Caroline binding shoes. Hetty came in upon them as if a wind had blown her.

"Law me!" said Caroline, looking up. "Anything happened?"

"No," said Hetty recklessly, "nothin' happened. I don't know as 't even will." She sat down and talked recklessly about nothing.

A calla bud, yesterday a roll of white, had opened, and the sun lay in its heart. Hetty set her lips grimly, and refused to look at it. Yet, as her voice rang on, the feverish wittiness within her kept telling her what she might say. She might ask for the well-being of the slip set out yesterday, or she might even venture, "I should think you'd move your calla out o' the sun. Won't it wilt the bloom?" Then Lucy might tell Caroline to snip off the bloom and give it to her. But no one spoke of plants. Her breath quickened chokingly, and her heart swelled and made her sick. Suddenly she rose and threw her shawl about her in wild haste.

"I must go," she trembled; but at that moment, Hetty said, "I must even venture, 'I should think you'd move your calla out o' the sun. Won't it wilt the bloom?'" Then Lucy might tell Caroline to snip off the bloom and give it to her.

"Law me!" said Caroline, looking up. "Anything happened?"

"No," said Hetty recklessly, "nothin' happened. I don't know as 't even will." She sat down and talked recklessly about nothing.

"Well, you set it down. I don't want none," said Hetty tenderly. She steadied the bowl on its way back, and Melia, relinquishing the claims of entertainment, picked into her small mouth with a swift avidity.

"Clever little creatur!" Hetty continued in a frank aside.

But Grandisir had not heard.

"How old was Willard?" he inquired, pausing to test the mass in his mortar.

The tears came into her eyes.

"Thirty-four," she answered.

"How old?"

After she had repeated it, Melia turned suddenly, and made a solemn statement.

"I picked off my gloxinias and gave 'em all to Willard." She lisped on the name, and made it a funny flower.

Hetty was trembling.

"Yes, dear, yes," she responded prayerfully.

"They were real hand-some blooms, I was oblige to ye."

She wondered if the hissing mouth would say, "There's another one open," and the fat hand pluck it for her. She shut her lips and tried to seal her mind, lest the child should be prompted and the test should fail.

"I dunno I remember what year Willard's father died?" Grandisir was inquiring.

"O Lord!" breathed Hetty, "I can't bear no more." She threw her shawl over her head, and hurried out.

"Come again," the childish voice called after her.

Grandisir had begun to eat his nuts. He scarcely knew she had been there.

Hetty went swiftly homeward through the dusk. The damp air was clogging to the breath, and for a moment her warm kitchen seemed a refuge to her. But only for a moment. It was very still.

"I'm goin' over to Mis' Flood's," she said, her hand upon the latch.

"They're driv' over to Fairfax to spend the day," volunteered Caroline. "Bitter by half set here."

"Then I'm goin' over to Ballard."

She fled down the road so fast that Caroline, watching her compassionately, remarked that she "looked as if she's eat for" and Lucy said, like a charm, a phrase of the Lord's Prayer.

Hetty looked up at the Floods' and

A WELL SPREAD TABLE

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A manufacturer in Mo. says he started out as a young man with almost perfect health, but that, "by the time I was 24 my digestive apparatus was so completely wrecked as to make my life a positive burden.

"I was neither a hard drinker nor an inveterate user of tobacco—my condition could not be charged up to these things.

"I had simply ruined my digestion by a course of living common among those who indulge in unwise selected food and deny their appetites nothing. And so years passed, during which every sort of food seemed to do just the opposite of what it should have done, with me. A well spread table was offensive to me. The sight or smell of food made me deathly sick. In brief I had dyspepsia, in its worst form, and spent many hard-earned dollars for remedies which did me no good whatever."

"This was my condition when a friend insisted that I should try Grape-Nuts food, and to please him I consented, expecting to derive no more benefit or pleasure from it than I had from other prepared foods that I had tried. But I was most happily disappointed."

"For more than a year I ate positively nothing but Grape-Nuts—it was my soup course, my meat, and my dessert. I never tired of it, and grew steadily fatter and more hearty, till I put 40 pounds of good solid flesh that had never been there before, on my bones. My dyspepsia is gone—the memory of a terrible nightmare."

"I am well now—seems like I cannot be ill—and Grape-Nuts is still found on my table, in one form or another, at every meal, and it is never out of supply in my home. A meal without Grape-Nuts is a mighty poor meal for me."

"She gripped his shoulder tightly. Her voice had a sob in it, and a prayer.

"You got anything for me?"

"He answered wondering.

"Why no, I don't know's I have. My ankle's busted, that's all. I guess I can crawl along in a minute."

She remembered how fast the

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DR. ALEXANDER FALKNER, Williamstown, Ont., a physician who has enjoyed a large practice for the past thirty years:—"I have much pleasure in certifying to the value of 'Fruit-a-tives' or 'Fruit Liver Tablets' as a medicine for chronic constipation and biliousness, dyspepsia, etc., etc. I have prescribed this medicine for the past six months and can strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' in all cases of constipation, indigestion and flatulence, headaches due to weakened digestion, etc."

DR. A. FRANKFORD ROGERS, Ottawa, a physician who has enjoyed one of the largest practices in that city, states:—"I have no hesitation in recommending 'Fruit-a-tives' or 'Fruit Liver Tablets' as the fact of these tablets being made from a laxative material extracted from ripe fruit appeals, and has appealed to my judgement, and I have used these tablets extensively in my practice and always with most gratifying results. The proprietors of this medicine do not hesitate to furnish the formula of the tablets to physicians, and hence any physician can use these tablets and recommend them without loss of self respect. The formula of 'Fruit-a-tives' is certainly a magnificent one, and in my experience no medicine ever used by me has given such excellent results in constipation and stomach and liver trouble as 'Fruit-a-tives' has. That these tablets act beneficially on the kidneys and skin is beyond doubt and in many cases where the skin was sluggish and inactive and the complexion bad 'Fruit-a-tives' have given the most pleasing results."

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she had done skilful work with water and cotton cloth, and the pain would let him, he looked at her again. "You an' mother ain't no more alike than a black an' a mallee," he said. "Hello! what you cryin' for?"

The tears were splashing her swift hands.

"I dunno," she answered shortly. "Yes, I do, too. You speak some like Willard."

The clock was striking two when she went to bed, and she slept at once. It was necessary, she told herself. There was a man in the west room, and his ankle was hurt, and she must get up early to call the doctor.

The next day and the next went like the moments of a familiar dream. The doctor came, and the boy—he was twenty-six, but he seemed only a boy—joked while he winced, and owned he had nothing to do, and could easily lie still a spell, if Aunt Het would keep him. She was sorry over the hurt, and, knowing no other compensation for a man's idleness, began to cook delicate things for his eating. He laughed at everything, even at her when she was too solicitous. But he was sorry for her, and when she spoke of Willard his face softened. She thought sometimes of what she had heard about him before he came; and one April day, when they were out in the yard together, he leaning on his cane and she sweeping the grass, she spoke involuntarily:—

"I can't hardly believe it."

"What?" he asked.

"Folks said"—she hesitated—"folks said you was a drinkin' man."

He laughed out.

"I did get overtaken," he owned. "I was awful discouraged, the night I struck here. I didn't care whether school kept or not. But it was Lew Parker's whiskey," he added, twinkling at her. "That whiskey'd poison a rat."

She paused, with a handful of chips gathered from the clean grass.

"What was you discouraged about?" she asked kindly.

"Well,"—he hesitated—"I may as well tell you. I've invented somethin'. It goes onto a reaper. Mother never believed in it, an' she turned me down. So I came East. I couldn't get anybody to look at it, an' I was pretty blue. The same day I busted my ankle I heard from another man, an' he'll buy it an' take all the risk, an'—George! I guess mother'll sing small when Johnnie comes marchin' home!" He looked so strong and full of hope that her own sorrow cried, and her face worked pitifully.

"You goin' back?" she faltered.

"Some time, Aunt Het. Long towards fall maybe, to get things into shape. Then I'm comin' back again, to put it through. Who's that?"

It was a neighbor, stopping his shambrous horse to leave a letter.

"That's Susan's hand," said Hetty, as she gave it to him.

He read it and laughed a little. His eyes were moist.

"See here, Aunt Het," he said, "mother's had a change of heart because I busted my ankle an' you took care of me an' all—an' look here! she says she wants you should use the long pasture."

Hetty dropped her apron and the chips he held. She stood silent for a moment, looking out over the meadow and wishing Willard knew. Then she said practically:

"Soon's your ankle'll bear ye, we'll poke down there an' see how things seem."

In a week's time they went slowly down to look over the fences, preparatory to turning in the cow. Hetty glanced at the sky, with its fleece of flying cloud, and then at the grass, so bright that the eyes marvelled at it. The old ache was keen within her. The earth without her son would never be the same earth again, but some homey comforting had reached her with the springing of the leaf. She looked at the boy by her side. He was pretty boy, she thought, and she was glad Susan had him. And suddenly it came to her that he had been lent her for a little while, and she was glad of that, too. His hurt had kept her busy. His ways about the house, even the careless ones, had strengthened the grip in her, in a human, poignant way that had no bitterness.

They went about, testing the fence lengths, and then, before they left the pasture, stood, by accord, in silence, and looked back into its trembling green. The boy had let down the bars, but he was loath to go.

"Stop a minute," he said, pointing to an upland bank where the sun lay warm. "I'm tired."

"Lazy, more like," said Hetty. But he knew she said it fondly.

He lay down in full length, and she sank stiffly on the bank and leaned her elbow there. She looked at the sky, and then at the bank. It was blue with violets. There were so many of them that, as they travelled up the sod, she mad a purple stain.

"She's your aunt, too," said Emily, determined to apportion the blame.

"We share her," I admitted.

"Read it, Johnny."

"The first and third pages are illegible. As she relies on me to pay the postage I cannot see why she crosses the writing. Page two I have been able to decipher, and on it she criticizes the last three families she has visited, detailing the ridiculous way in which their domestic affairs are managed, and how badly the children are being brought up."

"Does she say she is coming to stay here?" asked Emily anxiously.

"Two pages are illegible," I reminded her.

"We are in the hands of fate," said



THE ENGLISH WIFE.



THE AMERICAN HUSBAND.

THE ART OF LIVING.

By Harold Ohlson.

ADY EMILY had thrown aside the morning paper with a gesture of impatience. As there was nothing in it that interested her, she suggested that I should amuse her by reading aloud my letters while she ate toast. Seeing no obstacle—I had read them all previously—I selected two and held them up before my sister.

"The first two present us with a social problem," I announced.

"Start with the third," suggested Emily.

"Not a bit," said I firmly. "The first is a demand for money, sanctioned by the law of the land, a portion of the sum being required for the maintenance of homes for the destitute, commonly called workhouses."

"You remind me," said Emily in a far-away voice, "of our mayor."

"The other is from the vicar asking me for money to give to an aged parishioner to keep her from the workhouse. To put the matter in a nutshell."

"That's right," nodded Emily.

"I must provide money to build a workhouse, and I am also expected to provide money to keep people out of it."

Emily was eating her toast so quietly that I considered at last I held her attention on a grave matter. I continued—

"If I consider the problem in all its ramifications—"

"I shall go out," said my sister firmly. "What's in the letter without a stamp, Johnny?"

I abandoned an impossible task with a sigh of regret.

"It is from your aunt," I explained, regarding the envelope with some bitterness.

"She's your aunt, too," said Emily, determined to apportion the blame.

"We share her," I admitted.

"Read it, Johnny."

"The first and third pages are illegible. As she relies on me to pay the postage I cannot see why she crosses the writing. Page two I have been able to decipher, and on it she criticizes the last three families she has visited, detailing the ridiculous way in which their domestic affairs are managed, and how badly the children are being brought up."

"Does she say she is coming to stay here?" asked Emily anxiously.

"Two pages are illegible," I reminded her.

"We are in the hands of fate," said

MALARIA ???

Generally That Is not the Trouble.

Persons with a susceptibility to malarial influences should beware of coffee, which has a tendency to load up the liver with bile.

A lady writes from Denver that she suffered for years from chills and fever which at last she learned were mainly produced by the coffee she drank.

"I was also grievously afflicted with headaches and indigestion," she says, "which I became satisfied were likewise largely due to the coffee I drank. Six months ago I quit its use altogether and began to drink Postum Food Coffee, with the gratifying result that my headaches have disappeared, my digestion has been restored and I have not had a recurrence of chills and fever for more than three months. I have no doubt that it was Postum that brought me this relief, for I have used no medicine while this improvement has been going on."

(It was really relief from congestion of the liver caused by coffee.)

"My daughter has been as great a coffee drinker as I, and for years was afflicted with terrible sick headaches which often lasted for a week at a time.

She is a brain worker and excessive application together with the headaches began to affect her memory most seriously.

She found no help in medicines and the doctor frankly advised her to quit coffee and use Postum.

"For more than four months she has

not had a headache—her mental faculties have grown more active and vigorous and her memory has been restored.

"No more tea, coffee or drugs for us,

so long as we can get Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The boy laughed.

"What'd you think they were?" he asked, with the same indulgent interest.

"Herd's grass?"

He turned over and buried his sleeveless visage in the new leaves. But Hetty was communing with herself. Her old face had a look of hushed solemnity. Her eyes were lighted from within.

"Sure enough," she murmured reverently. "They're flowers."

The boy laughed.

"What'd you think they were?" he asked, with the same indulgent interest.

"Herd's grass?"

He turned over and buried his sleeveless visage in the new leaves. But Hetty was communing with herself. Her old face had a look of hushed solemnity. Her eyes were lighted from within.

"Sure enough," she murmured reverently. "They're flowers."

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

A Truthful Reply.

"How did you vote?" asked the inquisitive friend.

"In fear and trembling," answered the candid New Yorker.

"I wasn't," I exclaimed.

"I think there is nothing so hateful as a man who is only a digestion," explained Emily scornfully, "and I don't believe it of Mr. Cholmondeley. When do you expect him, Johnny?"

"I am going to meet him at the station this afternoon."

"I shall come too," said Emily, disappearing then so completely that I saw her no more until lunch.

Her remarks during that meal led me to suppose that she had been thinking the matter out and had decided on a course of action. It was not, however, until we were driving to the station that I learnt any details of her plan.

"I feel," she announced, "a sense of duty."

That worried me a little. I begged her to be careful with it.

"History is full of such sad results from it. Look at the Spanish Inquisition and the—er—boy who stood on the burning deck."

"On such a day as this," continued Emily, indicating the sunlit country with a sweep of her parasol, "he would stop indoors doing sums."

"Some of us take our pleasures sadly," I reminded her.

"He must be guided to better things, Johnny. I believe Providence has sent him here for a purpose."

"I asked him for the fishing," said I.

"I have put away all the books on science so that he can't read them. You'll find nothing in the smoking-room but jolly, laughable stories about all sorts of things."

"The stories in the smoking-room are often laughable—and about all sorts of things," I remarked.

</div

WITH UNCLE BOB.

By Anna C. Ruddy.

"T'S goin' to be a fine day tomorrow, and if you're good for a twelve-mile walk the round trip I'll take you to the lumber camp," said Uncle Bob, knocking the ashes out of his old pipe and, after the manner of the true weather prophet, squinting in the direction of the western horizon, where the sun was going down in a blaze of glory, lighting up the marvelous vista of lake and wooded islands to be seen from his cabin door.

Under his direction I had been taking my finishing lesson in loading the old flint-lock while Doris was fondly counting the dents in a disreputable-looking tin can which she and I had been using as a target, and of which we were absurdly proud.

Three months before we had come to Muskoka in search of something new in the way of a vacation. For the first month we had flitted from place to place, fairly cycling in the new experiences opened up to us in this wonderful lake district. In a leisurely way we had explored the picturesque Magnetawan. We had taken the Moon River trip, shooting rapids and making portages where canoes and camping outfit had to be carried over impossible-looking rocks.

Our guides were entertainers as well, and as we sat around our campfire at night we had listened to hair-raising hunting and ghost stories. But, though we went to bed with delightful shivers of fear, the Muskoka air was too invigorating to allow of wakefulness or bad dreams.

The district has 800 lakes, and we saw many of them. The three principal ones are traversed by the Muskoka Navigation steamers, from the decks of which countless islands may be seen, many occupied by summer homes and hotels.

The old Indians named the district Musquodoo, "Land of the clear sky," and the name is still descriptive of this charming region which has given health and vigor to countless thousands.

We had finally settled in this delightful spot, out of the beaten track of the tourist, where our mail reached us twice a week, and where the event of most stirring interest was the arrival of the supply boat—a sort of floating general store—every Thursday morning.

We were fairly under the spell of the magnetic North, and had stayed on and on until the hunting season had already begun, though the open season for deer was yet some weeks off, and the great influx of sportsmen had not yet set in. Our vacation was almost over, and we were going back to the little Harlem apartment with vigorous health and appetites which would make our friends stand agast.

Uncle Bob had spent forty winters in the Northern lumber woods, and now, though he was disabled for hard work through old age, he was still spoken of as "the king of lumbermen" in all that region.

We accepted his invitation with peculiar pleasure, for many times during our visits to his cabin we had sat around his great fireplace listening to tales of the deep woods in the days before the first tourist had penetrated the Muskoka Lake district, and when that part of Northern Ontario was entirely in the hands of the lumber companies.

The air was keen with the healthful vigor of the North and fragrant pine and hemlocks as our canoe shot out from the landing next morning and we were soon threading our way among the many picturesque islands of the lake to the river which led far up into the forest.

"You ought to be here when the logs float down in the spring," said Uncle Bob. "The river is packed from shore to shore, so's the first navigation steamers can hardly plow their way through them."

In and out the canoe wound its way; the sturdy old backwoodsman at the paddle was a picture in an appropriate setting. Giant maple and hemlock were reflected in the mirror-like depths of the water, and all was silence, save for the dip of the paddle, and the distinctive and subdued noises of the forest, the chatter of a squirrel, the whir of a partridge, or the crackling of a twig under the foot of some denizen of the woods.

At a point where a little footpath led down to the water we disembarked.

"I just brought her along for company," explained Uncle Bob, with a glance at his gun as he took it out to draw the canoe up on the bank.

"Bear meat would taste good for supper," suggested Doris.

"Too common," said Uncle Bob, stopping to light his pipe, "fried partridge is better. Dunno what we may meet, though. Jed Wilson seen a bear and two cubs between here and Trout Lake day before yesterday."

"How far away?" I asked.

"About two miles ahead. Jed's the cook at the camp, and he'd gone over to the settlement for provisions. He was comin' back and didn't have no gun, so when he caught sight of them in the woods he made tracks for home pretty quick."

"Is this the only road to the camp?" inquired Doris anxiously.

"Beats all how bears can travel," he remarked remissently. "Why,

one night a year ago last winter a bear broke into my pig-pen and killed one of my pigs. After breakfast me and old man Fuller started after him."

"We tracked him in the snow all that night, and till five o'clock the next afternoon, when we come to a farm where I'll be blown if he hadn't killed a pig the same night he'd killed mine."

"Talk about your autumobiles. They ain't in it with a bear when she gets a gait on. That old she-bear must be at least a hundred miles away by this time."

"What about the cubs?" I asked, but Uncle Bob said we had better be looking for game if we expected the gun to be of any use to us that day.

Deeper and deeper our path led into the forest. Now we were climbing over fallen trees, now picking our way on stones and logs over streams beside which we could readily trace the steps of the deer, and, again, climbing interminable hills of solid rock.

Before I was aware of it Uncle Bob had put the gun into my hand and I was creeping silently over the fallen leaves with the dog by my side, on the alert for every sign and vainly trying to remember a single thing I had ever been told about partridge shooting. That I succeeded and won Uncle Bob's exultant "You'll do," has never ceased to be a wonder to me.

"I'll just leave the gun with old Jim Bayliss until we come back," said our guide a little later, when we had done him full credit as his pupils, and had left four birds covered with leaves, waiting our return.

We had emerged from the woods into a clearing on the edge of one of the inland lakes for which Muskoka is famous.

A long house stood in the clearing, from which an old man came out at our approach and accepted the charge of the gun.

"Awful unfortunat is old Jim," remarked Uncle Bob, as we struck into the woods again.

"You see it's pretty lonesome back here, and Jim thought he'd get married, so he advertised for a wife. They say he got 360 answers and was terribly stuck on himself for a while. Well, anyway he married a widdy from over Bracebridge way, but he had to sign over all his property to her before she'd have him."

"After he married Jim found that there was lots of worse things than livin' alone, for she wasn't no saint to live with."

"A month ago she got mad at Jim because he wouldn't leave his work in the field in the middle of the forenoon and kill a pig for dinner, and she just chopped the head off of every hen on the place."

"They say Jim carried on so as you could have heard him to Parry Sound. He put her into a rowboat and rowed her over to that island there. She got away somehow to Bracebridge and last week Jim put a piece in the paper sayin' he wouldn't pay none of her debts. This week he put a piece in, sayin' he couldn't pay nobody's debts, for she owned everything, anyway."

"Muskoka is only an earthly paradise, after all. I fear," sighed Doris regretfully.

Our road now emerged into a wagon path which led directly to the lumber camp, and before long we heard the voices of the men at work in the woods. A rich tenor voice was singing "Comin' thro' the Rye," and others less melodious were joining in the chorus.

"What a magnificent voice!" I exclaimed.

"Huh! the fellow that owns it ain't no great shakes," growled Uncle Bob.

We found the men hard at work skidding logs and pilin' bark ready to haul to the bark sheds; and we were soon deep in the mystery of skids, grub-hoes and cant-hooks.

Never before had we seen such workmen. They were sturdy, self-reliant, happy-hearted spirits who gave the impression of being men who belonged to nobody but themselves.

It was dinner time, and Billy, the camp boss, gave us an urgent invitation to accompany them to the camp, which we gladly accepted.

Dinner was ready in one of the low log buildings which made up the camp, and a most appetizing meal it was. How I pitied the unfortunate who were dining in the fashionable restaurants that day. The dishes were of tin, and our neighbors at table ate with their knives, but so completely were we under the spell of the place that anything else would have seemed bad form.

We were not the only guests at the camp that day, for as we sat at dinner the door opened and another visitor stood on the threshold. Instantly every man was on his feet, and the air was full of welcome.

"It's Mr. Kilgour!" "How's Harry?" "When's he comin' back?" "Did you bring him with you?"

"O, go on! I want my dinner," laughed the newcomer, a short man in dusty, clerical attire, trying to shake hands with everybody at once.

"It's the parson from over Rosseau way," explained Big Mike to us afterward. "He's no slouch if he is a sky-pilot, and there's not a man here that doesn't swear by him."

"Two weeks ago Harry, the kid, took awful sick, and we thought he was goin' to die. The doctor came once and charged fifteen dollars, and said he couldn't come no more; ten miles was too far to come through the woods."

"Things was lookin' pretty blue around here, when along comes the parson in a borrowed wagon. 'I've come to take him home with me,' sez he, 'where he can be near the doctor.'

"He's took care of him ever since, and won't take a cent for it, and him as poor as a church mouse himself. We ain't much in the Sunday school line around this camp, but if Mr. Kilgour's got anything good to tell us there isn't a man that won't listen to him."

As I looked at the earnest, softened faces surrounding the parson I wondered if these were the men of whose terrible propensities in blasphemy I had heard so much.

"I was a stranger and ye took me in." I murmured half unconsciously to myself. "Four-Track News."

Lady Gay's Column

In the midst of the jollities of the holiday time, one comes always upon some grim little happening that seems to say: "Aha! You mustn't forget that there are just round the corner all sorts of woes and mishaps, no matter how joyous you be." It was at a certain generous Christmas treat, where a rich one with large-hearted love had, as usual, gathered a crowd of poor friends to enjoy good things and warm welcome. Santa, busy and bubbling over with quips and jokes, was stripping the laden tree and reading from slips of paper the names of the recipients of his gifts. "Ethel Jones," he cried hilariously, holding out an ideal doll-baby. "Come up and get her, Ethel." There was a sudden hush of the gabble of excited children. "Where is Ethel? Don't she want her little baby?" shouted Sancta. "Why doesn't she come and get her?" The children still paused in utter silence. Then a solemn, reproachful little voice said: "Oh, don't you know she's dead?" And there was a penitent gasp from the forgetful, generous woman and a sudden collapse of Sancta and the doll-baby was hustled out of the way, and just for a moment the joy bells rang out sad requiem in many a little and an older heart. Again there was a merry party gathered about a family feast; everyone was rosy, jolly, good-natured. One of the children gathered from far lands remarked: "Did you see what a swell wedding Bob had? It's all in the morning paper. He's got a rich, handsome bride, and they have gone to England on their honeymoon." Everyone was interested, for Bob had been a family friend; all had something to say but one girl. She turned suddenly white, then got up on the pretense of reaching some dainty from the sideboard. When she sat down again, there had come into her eyes and the lines about her mouth a sudden expression of pain and iron control. No one remarked her, for she was not a noisy holiday-maker, and when she later in the day pleaded headache and went to her room to face the great fact that men forget, she was chaffed for overeating and offered medicines by the light-hearted crowd, who never guessed her sorrow.

A man kent the holiday with wife and children, and then went quietly out and took his life, unable to face the adverse fortune he had met, and loving them too well, perhaps, to bear their distress and privation. These and many more unsung, unvoiced tragedies have been stalking through our holiday revels, sickness has separated and ill feeling has estranged families in many quarters, but we have probably ignored them all, wishing the broken and bruised and burdened and despairing the usual Happy New Year. The minor trial at holiday time of being alone in the big city, a man writes me, is the worst of all, and perhaps the very nicest and sweetest thing the prosperous householder can do is to gather in lonely folk and make them feel at home at least on the great feast days. Those religious sects which teach their members to always prepare the room, the place at table and the gift for whatever poor, lonely person may happen along, have hold of the right end of the stick. 'Tis but a little thing to do, but one never can conceive of the value of such a welcome nor measure the gratitude it will evoke.

Just at present Mr. Carnegie is interested in professors—but they are professors of golf and dancing. His prospective heiress, little Miss Margaret Carnegie, is busy acquiring these two Scotch accomplishments. An expert in the mysteries of the reel and the strathspey has been giving her lessons in the Highland dances, and she has taken very kindly to them. At golf she is quite an enthusiast and spends all her spare time after the ball. Mr. Carnegie himself is a comparatively recent convert to the religion of golf and does his best to make up for lost time.

In the Next Century.

For various reasons Mr. Wilbur needed a wife. It was purely a business proposition. "Miss Tilghman," he asked, "do you play poker?" "No," she answered. "Or bridge?" "No." "Do you drink?" "No." Since I left college, and when I do come home late I don't make any noise. Poor papa was awfully fussy that way. "What a model young lady are you, Miss Tilghman. Will you be my wife?" "Yes." "And you took the course in nursing?" "Yes." "Very well, Bobby. Get the license and notify the parson, send out the invitations, order the wedding breakfast, telephone the tailor to get me a tuxedo ready, write to Madge Carson, Bertie Hollowell, Mary Harkness, Laura Sands and the Johnson girls to be my bridesmaids, and set the day some time in June. I've got a date with Hattie Loomis to run over to Paris in her new airbubble. Good-bye!" "What! You want a kiss?" "Merely, you're not sentimental, are you?" "Oh, no-o-o!" "Well, ready-by, Bobby! Get everything ready—and so long. I'm late now."

An Interesting Child.

One of the most interesting children of the time is little Ellen Tsilka, who was born while her mother was a captive with Miss Stone, the American missionary, among the Bulgarian brigands. Ellen is now nearly four years of age, and she is as healthy, happy and intelligent a child as has ever lived in America. She can speak a little in three other languages, but clings to the English rather than to even her native tongue, and she doesn't like to hear her parents conversing in Bulgarian. Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka, who did missionary work in their own land, have spent more than two and a half years in the United States, and Ellen has had the opportunity of traveling over a great part of the country. As Mrs. Tsilka says, "Ellen has traveled ever since she was three days old." Nature and experience have combined to make her very observant. Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka expect to go back to their mission field. It is doubtful if Ellen will like to go, since she has become so much enthused over American life and over the English language.

LADY GAY.

The advent of a big departmental shop in Winnipeg has knocked the prices of everything so hard that Christmas housekeepers tell me they are living in easy street. Quite a third less has been the cost of holiday cheer and holiday presents there this season!

"Mamma," said four-year-old Elsie, "I wish you would make Freddie quit acting up so." "What has he been doing?" asked her mother. "Why," answered Elsie, "we are playing that we are married, and every time I hit him over the head with the broom he bawls just like a baby."

The Prince's Moustache.

While the Kaiser cultivates a moustache with the well-known upward twirl, his son, the young Crown Prince, clips his straight across, toothbrush fashion, after the style affected by old soldiers in this country thirty or forty years ago. He seems to be developing an individuality of his own in other respects as well and bids fair to become the antithesis of his father. The Germans, be it said, are proud of the Kaiser, but the Crown Prince is popular in a sense in which his father never was. There are not many things outside a restaurant over which the average German can get up his enthusiasm, but I have seen stolid and bespectacled Herrs become quite enthusiastic over the Kronprinz. The "Tatler."

An Irving-Whistler Story.

There are some very interesting stories of Sir Henry Irving in Mr. Haldane Macfall's volume on Sir Henry Irving. There is the story, for example, of the meeting with Whistler at the Lyceum, where the artist's picture of Irving as Philip of Spain was hanging. Irving talked of nothing but the likeness of himself; Whistler retorted that the likeness did not matter. One day, he urged, the sitter would be forgotten but the masterpiece would remain and the name of the artist endure. He turned to the Philip of Spain and said, "Now the artist of this must have been a monstrously clever fellow. I should like to have known him." Irving smiled his enigmatic smile. "Hein, yes—still, it is accounted a fine portrait of me in the part," said he; "indeed I so account it, but—I forget—who painted it."



DRAWING HIS BREATH.

Mr. Carnegie and Dancing.

Just at present Mr. Carnegie is interested in professors—but they are professors of golf and dancing. His prospective heiress, little Miss Margaret Carnegie, is busy acquiring these two Scotch accomplishments. An expert in the mysteries of the reel and the strathspey has been giving her lessons in the Highland dances, and she has taken very kindly to them. At golf she is quite an enthusiast and spends all her spare time after the ball. Mr. Carnegie himself is a comparatively recent convert to the religion of golf and does his best to make up for lost time.

In the Next Century.

For various reasons Mr. Wilbur needed a wife. It was purely a business proposition. "Miss Tilghman," he asked, "do you play poker?"

"No," she answered.

"Or bridge?"

"No."

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"And you took the course in nursing?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Bobby. Get the license and notify the parson, send out the invitations, order the wedding breakfast, telephone the tailor to get me a tuxedo ready, write to Madge Carson, Bertie Hollowell, Mary Harkness, Laura Sands and the Johnson girls to be my bridesmaids, and set the day some time in June. I've got a date with Hattie Loomis to run over to Paris in her new airbubble. Good-bye!"

"What! You want a kiss?"

"Merely, you're not sentimental, are you?"

"Oh, no-o-o!"

"Well, ready-by, Bobby! Get everything ready—and so long. I'm late now."

An Interesting Child.

One of the most interesting children of the time is little Ellen Tsilka, who was born while her mother was a captive with Miss Stone, the American missionary, among the Bulgarian brigands. Ellen is now nearly four years of age, and she is as healthy, happy and intelligent a child as has ever lived in America. She can speak a little in three other languages, but clings to the English rather than to even her native tongue, and she doesn't like to hear her parents conversing in Bulgarian. Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka, who did missionary work in their own land, have spent more than two and a half years in the United States, and Ellen has had the opportunity of traveling over a great part of the country. As Mrs. Tsilka says, "Ellen has traveled ever since she was three days old." Nature and experience have combined to make her very observant. Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka expect to go



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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THE DRAMA

THE attraction at the Princess Theater this week has been B. C. Whitney's *Piff! Paff! Powf!* advertised as a musical cocktail. The refreshment it offers is of the mild variety, an oyster cocktail probably having suggested the description.

The plot is thin and airy, frequently disappearing from public notice altogether. *August Melon*, widow of considerable wealth, desires to wed the charming widow, *Mrs. Montague*, but by the terms of his wife's will he must dispose of his four daughters in matrimony ere he seeks a second spouse. So the two acts of this musical comedy concern themselves with his adventures in search of sons-in-law. Mr. R. E. Graham as the frisky elderly gentleman is a diverting *August*, although his antics are occasionally overdone. He is a gentleman of *Chawney D'Perevish* aspect and is jokes are frequently of the class to which his prototype is addicted. His animation is somewhat overwhelming in his would-be courtship, and some of his grimaces might be dispensed with. Mr. Fred W. Mace as *Peter Pouffe* is a person of grotesque make-up whose artificial face and wooden gestures afford considerable amusement, although his wit is decidedly commonplace and occasionally vulgar. Mr. F. W. Hornby as *Lord George Piffle* and Mr. Charles Morgan as *Macaroni Pouffe* are successful in their parts as suitors for the fair *Melons*. Miss Kathryn Osterman as *Mrs. Lillian Montague* represents a type of hilarious and resourceful widow which is rather noisy for localities beyond the Board Walk, Atlantic City. Her gowns and hats are of a beauty that attracts the feminine eye. Miss Nellie Mae Hewitt as *Nora Melon* is a sprightly young person whose singing of *Under the Goo Goo Tree* arouses the volatile young men in the gallery to a frenzy of admiration which demands many repetitions of that saccharine song. Miss Lulu McConnell as *Cora Melon* is too exuberant in style and gesture for grace, and her song, *Dotty Dimples*, is tiresome and of the common vaudeville class. Miss Eileen Dummore, whose stage name, *Rose Melon*, is suggestive of the flower and vegetable show, has a voice, the quality and range of which prove a genuine surprise and delight to those who have almost given up expecting anything artistic from musical comedy. She is decidedly pretty and graceful, and altogether the good fairies have been kind to this member of the *Melon* tribe. The girls of the *Pony Ballet* are not remarkably attractive as dancers, but altogether the chorus girls of the company are bright-looking and daintily gowned. The music is not conspicuous for its tunefulness, *August Melon's* many verses of *Cordelia Malone* being the most popular number, although the lines are trashy even for that class of composition and the melody is certainly unoriginal. The "March of the Flag" is picturesque and popular, the costumes being attractively military. The setting of the comedy is appropriately modern and luxurious, the "real" waves and moonlight on the Hudson of the second act being especially impressive. The entertainment provided by this production seems to meet the demands of the average theatergoer.

Yorke and Adams in the musical comedy *Bankers and Brokers* have been furnishing the amusement at the Grand this week. This piece is intended as a humorous exposé of the lamb-fleecing methods of modern banking and stockbroking, and in spots affords true and diverting satire. The mystery of buying and selling on margins is explained with a lucidity that makes one wonder why it ever seemed so labyrinthine. Yorke and Adams as the two Jewish brokers who are gullied by a greater sharper than themselves, show at all times a sureness and aplomb that bespeak long experience on the road. They provide most of the merriment of the play, but it is doubtful whether the character of the cunning Jewish banker can ever regain its lost popularity. So many jests have been extracted from this much-abused part that the fragrance of its humor has long ago evaporated and its mirth-producing possibilities are nil, however well it be played. Fortunately the shifting of the scene in the second act from Wall street to Palm Beach, Florida, the Elysium of winter pleasure-seekers, allows the introduction of many excellent scenic effects and choral interludes. The incident which gives continuity to the piece is the mysterious disappearance of a thousand-share bond of an oil stock that has reached a dizzy altitude on the stock market. The feverish search of the various characters for this Eldorado and the blind fatuity with which they pass over it unseeing, afford some touches of genuine comedy. The lyrics are, in accordance with the laws of musical comedy, for the most part without rhyme or reason, but the two



Visitor—I'm so glad to find you going on so nicely, so love to see him! Mrs. Jenkins—Lor, no, mum! That's my 'usband taking his bit o' rest. He's a policeman on night duty. (Quick exit, with promise to look in again.)

comedians have some really funny parodies on popular airs. The chorus are rather better than the average at the Grand, and sing not unpleasantly. Their dancing is marked by plenty of spirit and energy and they present a very youthful appearance, due either to real juvenility or an excellent make-up. Anna Wilkes, one of the principals, sang several songs with good dramatic expression, and John Collins in the part of *Wood B. Holmes* was very amusing with his reiterated question, "How do I know?" Altogether the show is fantastic enough to satisfy the most ardent craving for extravaganza and sufficiently musical and humorous to provide a good evening's entertainment.

The London *Sketch* makes somewhat extended reference to *Corianton*, a play of unique character. "A Mormon play, written by a Mormon, staged by Mormon managers and with Mormons as actors, has been attracting considerable attention in the United States. Its author is Orestes U. Bean of Utah, a man of eight-and-twenty; it is based on the legends of the 'Book of Mormon' and it tells the story of the latter-day Saints. To the surprise of many who have seen it, love and war, rather than religion, are its dominant themes, for it does not claim to aim at proselytizing. The Mormon play *Corianton* was first presented in Salt Lake City this year and ran there for four-and-twenty nights. Joseph Haworth, who has since died, was the only member of the original cast who was not of the Mormon faith. After leaving Salt Lake City, the play, which was financed and managed by a Syndicate of 'brethren,' toured through Denver, Omaha, Kansas and a number of the Western cities, including San Francisco.

The period of *Corianton* is 75 B.C., the scene is laid in South America, and the events dealt with are semi-historical. The 'Book of Mormon,' from which most of the facts for it were drawn, is supposed to have been written by an historian who lived in the year 420 A.D. His record avers that the first settlement in South America was made by members of a colony that came from the Tower of Babel; that these first settlers fought amongst themselves until they had annihilated each other; and that a new race, coming from Jerusalem about 600 B.C., took their place. The sons of the chief of these settlers quarrelled amongst themselves after the death of their father, and there was continual war between the adherents of the two parties thus created. It is with one of these struggles that *Corianton* is concerned."

Municipal Rhymes.

The handsome smile of Alfred Jones
Will gladden all the year,
Although o'er his election
Bob Fleming drops a tear;
For Alfred has a little way
Of asking why the cars
Don't run along the proper lines,
And Robert's peace he mars.

The *Globe* is feeling awfully blue,
Its morning mood is sad:
"O dear Toronto, once the Good,
You're wholly to the bad!
You're managed by a wicked Boss,
You're under liquor rule,
Your principles are vile indeed,
You are the Tories' tool."

The *Mail and Empire* now is glad
And says: "O wicked fellow,
Who runs the independent press,
We know your hue is yellow!
Your machinations were in vain.
Our candidate is shouting,
We put him in by thousands four,
While yours has had an outing."

The day in Belleville was not dry,
Because of acclamation;
But Belleville is a quiet town
That shuns exhilaration.
The people had a placid time
On January first;
With long, deep draughts of lemonade
They satisfied their thirst.

To celebrate the triumph won
By gentle Trustee Clara,
We'd need the harp of magic strings
That once was heard in Tara.

The Safest Place.

During the training of militia in a Scottish town a company was ordered off for ball-firing, including a man, Macphie, noted for his simplicity, who was singled out as a "marker." Before the firing began the sergeant took up his glasses to see if all were ready, when to his horror he saw Jock coolly standing in front of the target. Thinking the man insane the sergeant at once hastened to the rescue. In an authoritative voice he demanded the meaning of such reckless conduct and branded Jock as a fool. "I'm no such a fool as you think," retorted Jock, "I ken the safest place well enough; I once marked for your company before."

Family Pride.

First Colonial Dame—She is of excellent family—her father and grandfather were both generals.

Second Ditto—Ah, she ought to be proud of her genealogy.

ence on all branches of sport and, with an amateur-minded directorate, its very name would be a guarantee of true sportsmanlike dealings. Moreover, it could prevent many of the abuses, tricks and subterfuges which infest sport to-day, and it could snap its fingers at the pecuniary minded players who intimidate and hold up smaller organizations. As a city increases in size and open areas grow correspondingly scarce, athletic clubs have to unite and concentrate their functions in order to escape destruction. Although the need for union in Toronto will undoubtedly come some day the present is the halcyon era of the small club, and until a land famine and a soaring tax rate send the weaklings to the wall Toronto will be known as the home of myriad diminutive hockey, football, golf or curling clubs whose entire assets, club-house, president and committee, can, in the majority of instances, be covered by a cheque of three, or at the most, four figures.

The local hockey season has been very slow in starting, for lack of that necessary commodity, ice. While in many cities from New York to Winnipeg the ring of skates and clash of sticks were music to the ears of thousands of spectators, Toronto enthusiasts basked in a temperature of September mildness and not a game was played before the New Year. In Berlin, Barrie and many other of the inland towns there has been enough ice to put the players in some sort of condition, and Toronto players will be seriously handicapped in their preliminary games. Barrie meets the Marlboroughs this evening in the first senior game of the season, and there is little hope by which one could select the winner. Barrie have lost the famed Grindy Forrester who was their mainstay last season, and their exploit in merely tying the St. Georges, 2-2, on New Year's shows that they are not superior to the Toronto team. They had the advantage of previous practices and the home ice, but did not show any particular class. Accordingly, in my opinion, the Marlboroughs, with their greater experience, ought to win out to-night, though perhaps not by a large margin.

Several managers of local senior teams are banking heavily on the services of some student hockeyists. The Marlboroughs would be greatly strengthened by Young of McMaster and the St. Georges will be in a quandary without the services of the Clarke brothers and possibly Hanley or Thomas. It is a question whether these men will play with any team outside of their college. The rulings of the Students' Athletic Association expressly forbid a student playing with an outside club, and the executive have the power to make the way of the transgressor hard. It is impossible to secure dispensation from the rule and the St. Georges and Marlboroughs will be lucky indeed if the students they are angling for brave the consequences and cast in their lot with them.

If She Lost John.

The Rev. F. A. Mayhall of St. Louis, who wants his parish to allow him to supplement his salary by the practice of law, said the other day:

"A minister, to do good work, must have enough money to maintain a good position. He must not be obliged to resort to economies that are often ludicrous and discouraging. He must hold his head up."

Mr. Mayhall laughed.

"To practice economy, you know, is often humiliating, often ridiculous," he said. "I know of a poor and economical young man who, about to marry, wished to impress upon his bride the necessity of the strictest frugality.

"Accordingly, having arranged his programme in advance, he invited her to take Sunday dinner at his home with his mother and himself.

"All sat down to the table on the appointed day, but, as he was about to begin the carving, the young man pointed sternly to a stale crust of bread, laid on a plate with other debris for consignment to the garbage pail. He had, you must understand, put the bread there himself to point a moral with."

"Mother, mother," said he, "a good slice of bread? Going to throw out a good slice of bread?"

"And he rescued it and put it on the bread plate, and with his dinner he ate it, though it was as hard as a chunk of steel."

"I never like to see anything wasted," he said in a moral tone.

"And then his old mother, to help him drive home this lesson in economy, added:

"True, Maggie. True, my dear. I've always said that when I lost our John I would need to keep a pig."

Evading Customs.

A certain English picture dealer ordered two "Rembrandts" from a French artist at Montmartre who paints Rembrandts better than the great Dutchman himself. The dealer found them so good that he began to wonder why people talked about Rembrandt, and told the artist to take out the false signature and put in his own. A month later the dealer sent the canvases to his New York agent, and at the same time an anonymous letter was addressed to the American Customs, drawing the attention of the authorities to a fraud that was going to be practised on them. Two pictures, said the letter, would arrive which were veritable Rembrandts, and worth \$20,000, but which bore an unknown name in order to evade the dues. The Customs claimed \$20,000 duty, which was paid; and a fortnight later the two pictures, which had cost \$20, were sold for \$120,000, their authenticity being guaranteed by Customs documents!



"Well, Effie, won't you give me a kiss?"

"Oh, I'm so busy, Uncle George! Why don't you get Emma to kiss you?"

The Same Yesterday.

Judge—What is your age?

Fair Witness—Twenty-nine, your honor.

"That's exactly what you said two years ago."

"Well, I'm not going to say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."—Translated from *Fliegende Blätter*.

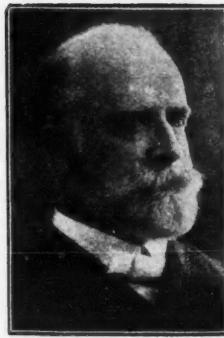
The Torrey-Alexander Mission.

THE better part of advance notices is discretion. A few sentences in one of the local papers regarding the Torrey-Alexander work hardly aroused in the reader the proper emotions in connection with such a crusade. The following declarations were made concerning the English tour: "All classes were reached—nobles and commons. It is said that a bus conductor, while collecting fares, would talk to people about their souls. An earl was converted in the Royal Albert Hall. A French nobleman is also said to have testified for Christ in the same edifice. In Birmingham an entire football team, 25 men in all, were converted. In Liverpool a famous prize-fighter was saved by the singing of the hymn *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*."

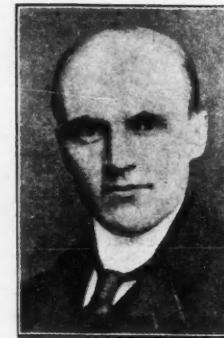
In Toronto we have no earls at large, while a French nobleman is a rare sight in Massey Hall. But we have, to our sorrow, a street railway system, and a sentence in the above account aroused unpleasant forebodings. Some of our conductors are undesirable enough under existing circumstances, but if any of them take to demanding information as to our spiritual state when we present the required fare or ask for a transfer, a horror will be added to our daily progress down Yonge street. Such an arrangement of items of religious progress as that which I have quoted is hardly fair to the evangelists concerned.

On Sunday afternoon I reached Massey Hall at twenty minutes to three, for the service had been announced for three o'clock. But a crowd was jammed against the doors and five sturdy policemen were regarding with a "stony British stare" the pushing, disappointed throng. The hall was filled and several good-natured citizens were calling from the windows to advise the outsiders to disperse. One counsellor, with a cheerful smile and a North of Ireland voice that could be heard across several squares, remarked: "Now just go away an' come back airy-to-night. They're goin' to be here all week anyway." An elderly woman with white face and wandering dark eyes stood near the curb, and said plaintively to each passer-by, "I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for the plan of salvation."

How was a would-be auditor, who had been so careless as not to procure a ticket, to obtain entrance to the packed hall? I left the jostling crowd and proceeded to the Victoria street entrance, only to be confronted by another policeman, who would on no account admit ticketless persons. However, after a few moments I managed to arrive and found myself in one of the boxes, from which an excellent view was obtained of the choir and the crowd.



Dr. R. A. Torrey.



Mr. Charles Alexander.

The former consisted of several hundred singers occupying seats at the rear of the platform. Above them were the grouped banners of Great Britain. We are usually so inappropriately ready to display the Stars and Stripes that it was a matter for surprise to find it absent from the walls. In consideration of the nationality of the speakers it would not have been out of place. The crowd was dense and evidently expectant, and its size and aspect were in themselves inspiring. It was essentially a church-going assembly, and in it there was a cheering majority of men.

Mr. Charles Alexander was engaged in his song service, and was already initiating choir and audience into the mysteries of the *Glory Song*, that famous gospel hymn which is said to have taken possession of England. Mr. Alexander would make anyone sing anything. He is rather above medium height, slender, graceful in movement, and simply marvellous as a conductor. His dark mobile face and rich voice are truly Southern, but in electric vivacity of movement he is of the unresting Northern city. He is energetic without being fussy, exacting without being a martinet. His hands, which are long with flexible, artistic fingers, are used in a bewildering fashion, and some of his gestures recall the curves of the baseball diamond. But without giving the impression of earnestness, not of eccentricity. His voice is eminently soft and pleasing. Considering the tremendous strain to which it has been subjected the unforced and melodious effect is astonishing.

Be it remarked, however, that the song which has been so widely heard during the last week and which Mr. Alexander takes at a racing *tempo* is neither sacred nor musical, and can be honestly described as nothing but trash of the lightest comic opera order. The words are not poetry, while the tune is stilted for the streets and goes very well with *Mr. Dooley* and *Bedelia*. The little red book used during the services is called *Alexander's New Revival Hymns*. There are 181 in all, of which 74 are announced as new, but there are hardly more than a dozen worthy of being called hymns, tried by either the test of music or profound religious sentiment. When one considers what a wonderful hymnology Christianity possesses, it is a great pity that such inferior rubbish has been selected to represent the songs of the church.

It may be said that the crowd prefers such cheap material, that it catches and holds the vulgar fancy. I believe Tennyson was nearer the truth when he said, "We needs must love the Highest when we see it." Just the week before, a crowd in Massey Hall had listened to the inspired strains of the *Messiah*, and the *Glory Song* of Sunday afternoon seemed profane by contrast. It would be interesting to hear Mr. Alexander's voice in that exquisite hymn of George Matheson's which is included in the revival collection. Later in the afternoon the good old-fashioned tune of *Coronation* seemed to make a general appeal to the audience.

These two evangelists thoroughly understand and appreciate that they live in an age when brevity is demanded even in religious exercises. Dr. Torrey read only a few verses from the Gospel of St. Matthew by way of lesson, and in his sermon passed quickly from point to point, displaying no irreverent haste, but a business-like alertness that kept his audience from weariness.

In two matters he also displayed a practical regard for the comfort of the audience worthy of local imitation. During the singing of the second hymn he ordered all windows lowered and also invited any members of the audience who wished to leave to do so during the rendering of the first verse, as a departure during the following service would be regarded as impertinence. The "offering" which is to be made at each service was referred to by Rev. Mr. Hyde as necessary for payments in connection with a month of such meetings, but the financial aspect was not unduly emphasized and no appeal was made for special liberality.

Dr. Torrey is a man of sturdy form and medium height, with a well-shaped head indicating symmetrical development, and a face of shrewd and kindly expression. His manner and delivery are a pleasant surprise after our experience of certain "home talent" in evangelistic work.



"PARDON ME FOR DISTURBING YOU."

He is neither spectacular nor snivelling, and refrains from oratorical flights. Some workers of his profession are exceedingly careful to keep themselves in the foreground and talk largely of "our meetings," relating many anecdotes reflecting credit upon their personal efforts. Judging from his initial address, Dr. Torrey does not belong to this class, as the first personal pronoun rarely emerged during the discourse.

His voice has a twang that is unpleasant at first, but it possesses redeeming qualities of distinctness and strength that soon made the audience forget the first impression. We Canadians are so given to using the nose as an organ of speech that the New Jersey voice is not so peculiar to us as it must have been to an English audience. There is no trace in Dr. Torrey's voice of the pious whine that so frequently has been heard from the revival platform, and his accents are those of manliness and sincerity.

His text was from Proverbs 11: 30—"He that winneth souls is wise," and he gave a plain, straightforward talk on the subject in which the anecdotal figured largely. His final story was that about the young student at Evanston who saved seventeen lives from a wreck in Lake Michigan. But with due regard to his narrative powers there is a Toronto minister, Dr. James Henderson, whose telling of that heroic story leaves all other renderings tame and unmoving. Dr. Torrey repeatedly said that saving souls should be made the business of the Christian's life, and that the truly illustrious life was that devoted to winning souls. He made the usual demand that those who were sincere believers in and workers for Christ should stand, but in a crowd so large the element of conspicuously attaching to such action was lost. Even those who dislike such methods of conducting a religious service could hardly find anything offensive in a request so quietly made.

The comparing of Dr. Torrey to the person known as Sam Jones is extremely unfair to the former, who is a gentleman in both appearance and speech. Sam Jones is regarded by most civilized communities as vulgar and sensational to an almost blasphemous degree, and his sincerity is extremely doubtful. Whether one agrees with Dr. Torrey's opinions and methods or not, one is favorably impressed with his simplicity and directness. He is liked quite as much for his difference from others of his calling as for his positive qualities. It may have occurred to some of his hearers on Sunday afternoon that we need more preaching about Christian virtues in business life than about the winning of souls. It was noticeable that Dr. Torrey's local references were to the United States, Chicago and Minneapolis preferred. He also falls into the pardonable error of calling his native land "America," and we would respectfully call his attention to the area of our own Dominion, to say nothing of Mexico and other riotous republics. It is a matter of surprise that a Yale graduate uses such colloquialisms as "it don't" and "ain't."

It was an immense crowd that poured from the hall at half-past four o'clock and faced the dismal grayness of the last afternoon in 1905. As I waited for a car, four lines learned long ago came back from the limbo of forgotten things:

So many Gods, so many Creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind.
When just the art of being kind
Is what the sad world needs."

The night of December 31 closed in the clamor that issued in the New Year, and at last it seemed as if the city might settle down to its first sleep in 1906. But just after one o'clock the sound of voices broke the midnight stillness and citizens in the vicinity of Victoria College awoke to the fact that some one was singing. Borne upon the gentle breeze came the refrain of youthful lungs:

"Oh that will be-e-e
Glory for me-e-e."

We might just as well make up our minds to hear the *Glory Song* until the winds of March bring something more "catchy."

CANADIENNE.

The Charge of the Mad Brigade

(With acknowledgments to Tennyson.)

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
Packed into trolley cars
Rode the six hundred.
Maidens, and matrons hale,
Tall spinsters, slim and pale,
On to the bargain sale,
Rode the six hundred.

Autos to right of them,
Hansom to left of them,
Flying trains over them
Rattled and thundered.
Forward through all the roar,
On, through the crowd they bore,
To Price and Seller's store
Rode the six hundred.

When at that mart of trade,
Stern-faced and unafraid,
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the clerks wondered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to pacify
All the six hundred.

On bargains still intent,
Homeward the buyers went,
With cash and patience spent,
And friendships sundered.
What though their hats sport dents,
What though their gowns show rents—
They have saved thirty cents;
Noble six hundred.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Politeness Costs Nothing.

A clergyman who had lately come as curate to a country parish was taking the service one Sunday morning when he observed an old woman in the congregation bowing low and devoutly whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. The next day the curate remonstrated with her, when she replied, "Well, sir, a little politeness costs nothing, and it's a deal better to keep on good terms."

The Tone of New York Toward "The Provinces."

The following article from the San Francisco *Bulletin* is of interest to Torontonians, as most of us have at some time had reason to smile at the "curious insularity" of the average resident of Gotham:

In a kind but patronizing tone one of the New York dailies, in an article on a theatrical subject, speaks of the rest of the country as "the provinces." The phrase exhibits without intent on the newspaper's part the curious insularity and provincialism of the ordinary New Yorker who seems to think that Manhattan Island is the main thing in this country, and that the rest of the United States is merely a tributary domain to the big city.

Now New York is a very large place, and much wealth is massed there, but it does not bear by any means the same dominating relation to the remainder of the land that London bears to Great Britain. England and Scotland together are a small territory, in comparison with America, and London is near enough to the entire population to be the capital and metropolis for the nation. There is some excuse, therefore, for the London theatrical manager or actor that speaks of the country outside of the metropolis as "the provinces." The use of the word provinces connotes a relation of superior to inferior that exists in the case of London and the remainder of England, but not in the case of New York and the remainder of the United States.

The extent of this country is so great that the larger part of it does not look to New York as to its metropolis. One territory turns to New Orleans, another to Chicago, another to St. Louis, another to San Francisco. A young rural Missourian, setting out to seek his fortune, goes to St. Louis, not to New York. A young man from Nevada, Utah, Washington or Arizona, bent on similar errand, carries his hopes to San Francisco.

London attracts all the brains, ambition and wealth of the nation; New York doesn't. That is a vital point of difference. New York is merely the tail and does not wag the dog. If New York were wiped out of existence overnight the event would cause regret, of course, but the nation would not suffer irretrievably in a commercial or intellectual way. There are some rich, some good and some clever New Yorkers whom the country would be sorry to lose at one fell catastrophe, but the blow would not prostrate the nation as the obliteration of London, say by an earthquake, would prostrate Great Britain.

This is a truth of which a good many New Yorkers are unaware. No harm is done, however, by their hallucination, and, if it please them, let them keep it. Some say that all happiness is a delusion, anyway.

A Question of Precedence.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the first Prime Minister whose rank in the official capacity has been defined. Hitherto a Premier, if a commoner, has ranked on State occasions among members of the Privy Council, and all Secretaries of State have ranked before him. Now, in the exercise of his Royal Prerogative King Edward has decided that in all times hereafter, "the Prime Minister of Us, Our Heirs and Successors, shall have place and precedence next after the Archbishop of York." This places the Liberal leader above dukes and all high officers of State save the Lord Chancellor, that highly honored Keeper of the King's Conscience, who comes between His Grace of Canterbury and His Grace of York. Hitherto the Premier has been unknown to the written Constitution, and it is said that the title "Prime Minister" was conferred upon Sir Robert Walpole in the early years of the eighteenth century by political opponents who had no desire to be complimentary. Mr. Gladstone remarked of the Premier in his official capacity, "Never did so great a substance throw so small a shadow."

Sainted Money.

"God," said John D. Robinhood, "has committed to me the wealth of this country. I acquired it by my superior ability, strictly in accordance with the golden rule—of the road—to take all that the traffic will bear.

"My Ancestor's system was to rob the rich; and give to the poor; a bad business principle, for white sheep have more wool than black ones, and the poor have more money than the rich, because there are more of them (and I am making still more of them). Besides, the poor don't kick, so we overcharge them and give some of the *swag* to the universities.

"What a blessed privilege it is for the thrifless poor to contribute indirectly to our great institutions—through me!

"Harper, is there a chair of political economy anywhere that hasn't been oiled?"—Arena.

A Sensible Bird.

A city gentleman was recently invited down to the country for "a day with the birds." Whatever his powers in finance his shooting was not remarkable for its accuracy, to the great disgust of the man in attendance, whose tip was generally regulated by the size of the bag. "Dear me!" at last exclaimed the sportsman, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year." "Not all of 'em, sir," came the remark. "You've shot at the same bird about a dozen times. 'E's a-follerin' you about, sir." "Following me about? Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?" "Well, sir," came the reply, "I dunno, I'm sure, unless 'e's 'angin' round you for safety."—Tatler.



"CARRYING OUT THE LAW."

A Paris Palmist and Prophetess.

Madame de Thebes, the well-known Parisian palmist and prophetess, predicts a "mad" year for 1906, and is of opinion that many drastic changes will be made in the scheme of things after January next. Belgium, she declares, is to play a curious part in the transformation; Germany will be seriously threatened; France will find her troubles increase. With regard to war, she believes that it is in the air, although there is nothing to assure her that strife is inevitable. For the same year she prophesies serious losses in the world of art, some of them by sea, and that towards the end of it the world's attention will be turned in the direction of the Near East, and particularly towards Turkey. Madame de Thebes, it may be noted, is no ordinary clairvoyante. She was a personal friend of Alexandre Dumas, Adolphe Brisson, Jules Claretie, and Ernest Daudet; to-day Camille Flammarion frequently honors her salon; and it is rumored that on the occasion of the King's last stay in France His Majesty also paid her a visit. Amongst the palmist's most famous predictions are the Boer War, the great Charity Bazaar fire in Paris, the Servian Massacre, and the discovery of radium. Her method is to note the salient lines of all the hands she has observed during the day; and by taking the average of these she claims that she can find the general trend of the currents she considers to be "the march of destiny." "For example," she says, "I see in the course of a year two or three hundred hands of military men from different nations, and as many hands of diplomats from the leading countries. Well, not only the hands in each calling will have a general resemblance among themselves—spatulated and muscular with soldiers, fine and pointed with statesmen—but also, if any great event is, at a given moment, to hold all those soldiers or diplomats in tension, it will be marked in their hands."

Sir John Fisher's Promotion.

Just in good time Sir John Fisher has been chosen to join Sir J. E. Erskine, Sir C. F. Hotham, Sir Edward Seymour and Lord Walter Kerr in the highest office known to our naval service. He is now Admiral-of-the-Fleet, and can remain on the active list until he reaches his seventieth birthday in January, 1911. But for the King's timely promotion of our great sailor, he would have been compelled to retire this month on reaching the time-limit of his late office of First Sea Lord. There was a difficulty in the way of his promotion. There are already four Admirals-of-the-Fleet, and that number is one above the establishment. So Sir John Fisher's case will be met by a special Order in Council. People who see Sir John Fisher for the first time are quite unable to realize that he is nearly sixty-five years of age, and that he has served in the navy for more than fifty years. But his active service dates from the Crimean War, and it would take a column of this paper to enumerate all the offices he has held since, while the list of reforms he has instituted would demand a special supplement. The navy is proud of its latest Admiral-of-the-Fleet, and rejoices in the prospect of another five years of his direction.

Her late Majesty was prominent amongst those who recognized Sir John Fisher's sterling worth. There is a story that on one occasion she desired him to pay special and peculiar honors to the French Admiral Gervais, whereupon "Jacky" heroically declared, "I'll kiss him Ma'am, if you wish it." Queen Victoria, remembering the difference between French and English osculatory customs, laughed heartily. Perhaps better known is the story of the inefficient captain who was ordered by Fisher to bring his ship to a certain port by a certain date. He was profuse in telegraphing excuses that he couldn't possibly do it, and so on. Fisher merely said, "Tell him if he isn't there I'll send and have him *torched*," and, needless to say, the captain turned up "on time."

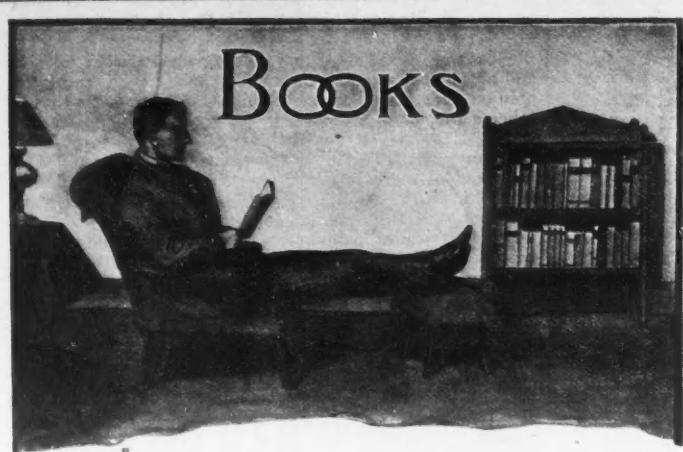


The Quaker's Problem.

Some time ago there lived a gentleman of indolent habits who spent his time visiting among his friends. After wearing out his welcome in his own neighborhood he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend some twenty miles distant. On his arrival he was cordially received by his friend, who, thinking the visitor had taken much pains to come so far to see him, treated him with a great deal of attention and politeness for several days. As the visitor showed no signs of leaving the Quaker became uneasy, but bore it with patience until the eighth day, when he said to him, "My friend, I am afraid thee will never come again." "Oh yes, I shall," said the visitor. "I have enjoyed my visit very much and shall certainly come again." "But," said the Quaker, "if thee will never leave how can thee come again?"

Sunday-School Training.

Marshall P. Wilder says that the small son of a friend in Brooklyn came home one day with a badly disfigured face. The "old man" took him aside for the usual heart-to-heart talk. "What have you been up to now?" asked he. "Fightin'," answered the lad sullenly. "And after all I've said to you about fighting!" "He smashed me on the cheek." "How often have I told you that the Good Book bids us turn the other cheek?" "I did, dad—honest; but he smashed me on the nose. I call that a foul; so I pitched in and licked the stuffin' out of him. Dad, he's been to Sunday school just as much as I have, and he ought to know the rules!"



Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream,
to drift,
Who have hard work to do and loads
to lift
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis
God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to
blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—
oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in
God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not deep entrenched
the wrong.
How hard the battle goes, the day
how long;
Faint not—fight on! To-morrow
comes the song.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

The First Folio Lear.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. of New York comes "The Tragedie of King Lear," in the first folio edition now being published. This book has all the excellencies of type and style which characterized former dramas in the series. The editors, Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, contribute an unusually interesting introduction, the following comment on the tragedy of "Lear" being of especial interest in a period when the popular demand for the "happy ever after" conclusion is reducing dramatic art to the mountebank level: "And, playgoers still hug themselves in the persuasion that a play with a happy ending leaves them in a better frame of mind to meet the sadness and hardness of real life than a play with a sad ending, although the nature of the ending, whether sad or happy, in its relation to the whole, and the penetration of the dramatist's touch upon the heartening and uplifting verities of the inner life beneath the surface of mere events, whether sad or happy, make all the difference in the world in judging."

Sir Walter Scott, in his notes on "Ivanhoe," refers to the lonely lot of Rebecca and opposes the popular idea that the novelist should always represent the noble and virtuous character as being "rewarded" with material well-being. It is a weakness of logic and judgment that prevents the best and highest work being accomplished in literature or drama. The greatest tragedy is not hopeless, nor is it a presentation of humanity's meanest aspects. "Lear" is a much healthier and nobler production, merely from the standpoint of the effect upon the reader or the playgoer, than a legion of "Ghosts."

The literary illustrations, glossary and variorum readings are highly satisfactory, and the selected criticism has been chosen with nice discrimination. In the latter the concluding quotation is from Maurice Maeterlinck's "King Lear in Paris," in which the author makes this striking reflection: "It seems to be accepted that a hero who expresses his inner life in all its magnificence cannot remain probable and human on the stage except under the condition that he be represented as mad in real life (for it is understood that here falls alone express that hidden life). Shakespeare systematically unsettles the reason of his protagonists, and thus opens the dyke that held captive the swollen lyrical flood. Thenceforward, he speaks freely with their mouths; and beauty invades the stage without fearing lest it be told that it is out of place. Thenceforward, also, the lyricism of his great works is more or less high, more or less wide, in proportion to the madness of his here."

The Best Story.

One of St. George Newnes' latest publications, the "Grand Magazine," has had a series of stories called "My Best Story and Why I Think So," by prominent writers of fiction. In the January issue appears the eleventh of these narratives, the writer being Morley Roberts. The title is "The Miracle of the Black Canyon," and the background is "that part of British Columbia called the Dry Belt, where rain is seldom and scanty and the whole landscape looks barren and desolate." The manner in which Mr. Roberts states his reason for selection is rather vague: "I do not know why I think 'The Miracle of the Black Canyon' my best story. All I can say is that I do think it is the best. But, judging from the fact that I have almost invariably disagreed with those of my colleagues who have preceded me in their judgment of their own work, I am prepared for others to say that it is the worst. However, when one has done almost two hundred, that is not likely."

It is a dangerous thing to use comparatives and superlatives when speaking of short stories, but we think Mr. Roberts has given one of his strongest narratives in this sketch of a gold search in British Columbia. Here is a bit of description which appeals to all who have seen the cruel places of the earth: "On either hand, north or south, the aspect of the spot is bitter—it gives no welcome, and no one dwells close by; it is a place of prickly pear and stunted cactus; sour grass with tough, broad-bladed leaves has usurped any tenderer herbage; not a tree gives a moment's

Twain with Sir Walter. "Tom Sawyer" and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian"; "Huckleberry Finn" and "Kenilworth"! Verily, the folly of the steel magnate can go no further. There is an ancient proverb about a cobbler sticking to his last. Mr. Carnegie can make piles and piles of money, which is almost an impossible feat for a literary genius, he can endow libraries with marvelous despatch, but as a critic he is an egregious blunderer. Perchance, happy thought, he meant to be humorous when he placed Mark Twain with the writer of the Waverley novels. It was really the funniest remark reported from that deadly dinner.

So far as a dearth of women writers may be remarked in England, the Californian journalist may only be mistaken. The fact that only one of the thirty-one British authors cabling congratulations is a woman does not imply a scarcity of feminine novelists and essayists in Great Britain. It may mean that the English literary woman is not given to gush by cable. Assuredly there could be easily found a score of British women writers whose achievements are quite as creditable as those of Mrs. Riggs and Mrs. Barr. Who was the lone, lone woman who sent her good wishes? Could it have been Marie Corelli, the writer of the weird "Ardath" and the terrible "Thelma"? The paper does not say, and we can only wonder whether it was Marie or Mrs. Humphry Ward. For the credit of British letters we hope it was not the former lady of the limelight. But, so far as fiction is concerned, there is only one woman on this continent who is in the class to which Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Ward belong, and that woman, it need hardly be said, is Mrs. Edith Wharton. We have surely arrived at the point when woman's work may be judged on its own merits, without craving indulgence or exciting the masculine scorn of the critics.

Notes.

The Canadian Almanac for 1906, published by the Corp. Clark Company, forms the fifty-ninth of the series, and is indispensable to every office and library in the Dominion. Many of the lists given are not found elsewhere, and in no other volume can so much information about Canada be found in so small a space. There are 452 pages, clearly and attractively printed, and its information deals with everything from the clergy list to eclipses and bank stocks.

John Bigelow, LL.D., who was United States Consul and Minister during the Civil War, passed his eighty-eighth birthday recently. He wrote a great Franklin biography, a life of Samuel J. Tilden and a life of William Cullen Bryant. He was Tilden's executor and trustee, and president of the Library Foundation, and he helped to found the Century Club. He tried a hand at journalism for twelve years on the "Evening Post." He has written books about Hayti in English, and about the United States in French, and has just published a pamphlet on Gladstone's attitude during the Civil War. It is a sort of challenge to Morely.

"The Man Who Was," Rudyard Kipling's story, was given its first American stage presentation in Kinsey Pieley's dramatized version at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York on December 18th, by Mr. E. S. Willard and his company. In spite of the distinction of Mr. Willard's work it is quite likely that Mr. Pieley has spoiled a short story and has not made one of his happiest speeches.



MR. C. RANGER GULL (GUY THORNE),
Whose book, "When It Was Dark,"
has been praised by the bishops.

The Twain Dinner.

A writer in the San Francisco "Bulletin" comments on rather caustic fashion on the speeches made by authors at the Mark Twain dinner: "One hundred and sixty men and women—the representative writers of the United States—gathered at Delmonico's in New York on the fifth of this month, to congratulate Mark Twain on his seventieth birthday. To outsiders who can only read of what took place the affair is comparatively disappointing. Mark Twain did not disappoint, far from it; he made one of his happiest speeches.

But turning from the guest and principal speaker of the evening to those who had the opportunity of displaying their after-dinner gift in his honor, one cannot but remark the poor showing made by the representative authors of America. Most of them prosed drearily and several had the bad taste to match humor with Twain, failing miserably in the attempt.

Of the one hundred and sixty present it is noteworthy that sixty-one were women. It is also rather significant that of the thirty-one British authors who cabled their congratulations only one was of the gentler sex. This suggests a rather interesting train of thought and supplies a basis for the calculation of the ratio men bear to women in the current literature of the two countries. No doubt from the woman's viewpoint the calculation would show this country to be immensely superior in its literary output, but the facts do not bear this out; in spite of (some will say), because of (others will maintain), the dearth of women writers English books are better than ours."

There follows some punning doggerel from Kate Douglass Kiggs, the writer of the "Penelope" books, who certainly ought to know better. There is similar stuff from Miss Carolyn Wells, who can be clever enough on other occasions, and the four lines from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell are quite as bad as anything furnished by the women scribblers. The writer of the "Bulletin" article is quite justified in his conclusion: "Reading the dismal contributions of the other professed humorists to the gaiety of the evening, one is tempted to think that they deserve their unsalable ware for such occasions as birthday dinners."

The most graceful speech of all was that of William Dean Howells, who showed a restraint in his remarks that might well have been copied by others. By Brander Matthews, for instance, who compared Mark Twain with Swift and Voltaire (very much to the disadvantage of the dead writers), and placed "Tom Sawyer" way above "Gil Blas." Of course, it was inevitable that when that representative American author, Andrew Carnegie, offered his tribute he should mention Scott. "He stands forever with Scott," said the steel-making litterateur, "he has done everything that Scott did."

Carnegie as a critic is highly amusing or excessively irritating as the temperament of the reader may decide. The man who gravely declares that he is not fond of Homer is quite capable of placing Mark

INTERNATIONAL NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

THE United States Naval Observatory in Washington sent out on New Year's eve, at midnight, a telegraphic greeting around the world. This is the little diversion in which the sedate scientists of the institution have indulged for the past year or two. Of course, it takes a lot of work to arrange for the despatch of a message at a given time, and this is done by the co-operation of the telegraphic, cable and telephone companies. Our public exhibitions of this almost instantaneous means of worldwide communication, it was arranged that the location of various important cities, some two hundred in number, should be indicated on a large map of the world, 21x42 feet, by small electric lamps. The exact moment of the receipt of the signal at different places around the world was shown by the illumination of these lamps.

Those who are familiar with the means of transmission and the pre-arrangement of facilities of receiving the Washington New Year midnight signal have been impressed with the speed with which such a signal may be despatched. The record kept does not exceed beyond the hundredth part of a second, which is, of course, sufficient for all the niceties of infinitesimal calculation. It is found, for instance, that on this basis it takes no time at all to get the New Year midnight click to the McGill College and the Toronto Observatory in Canada; that it takes five-hundredths of a second to reach the Lick Observatory in California, while it takes twice as long to reach Amherst College in Massachusetts—this on account of the indirect transmission. Harvard College can be reached with only one-tenth of a second's delay, and St. John's Observatory in New Brunswick and the Tacubaya Observatory in Mexico in eleven-hundredths of a second. The Manila Observatory in the Philippine Islands is reached with 37 seconds time of transmission, as is the much nearer Mare Island Observatory in San Francisco. Greenwich Observatory in England gets its message in 1.33 seconds; Hamburg, Germany, in 1.47 seconds; the Coast Survey Station in Alaska in 1.7 seconds; Sydney Observatory in Australia in 2.25 seconds; Wellington Observatory in New Zealand in 4 seconds, and the Cordoba Observatory in Argentina in 7.7 seconds.

Apart from the sentimental considerations of this act of the Naval Observatory people and the friendly feeling which it must encourage, there is a practical advantage in sending these midnight New Year greetings to the world. It is regarded as adding a powerful influence toward the universal adoption of Greenwich standard time and longitude.

Sentiments of the School Master.

There is a tide in the affairs of education which, taken at the flood, leads straight to matrimony.

Money talks and stops talk.

Some orators have a fine command of other men's language.

Anyone can be a power for evil—it takes character to be a power for good.

The fact that someone else does it, is society's excuse.

Certain men are determined to get their share of what does not belong to them.

You can lead a man to college, but you cannot make him think.

You can fool everyone save God—and yourself.

A man always with his eyes on the ground bumps his head; a man with his nose always in the air stubs his toe.

When he can wear his left shoe on his right foot his pessimist will be pleased.

Talk is not always cheap.

Money is not always the balance of power, gentlemen. There are those scales in which an ounce of integrity is worth a gold mine.

Dignity carried to excess is a malady.

If your servants knew as much as you expect them to know, they would not be your servants.

There is no such thing as the good will of a bad dog.

Circumstances alter cases—especially reduced circumstances.

Keep your temper. Nobody else wants it.

Try to look like a winner as long as you can stand up.

In the course of life we shake many hands—and many people.

Courtesy does a key. It will open more doors than a crowbar.

—American Illustrated Magazine.

The Sultan's Hobby.

His Majesty of Turkey is probably at this moment the most worried sovereign in Europe or out of it. He likes ease and peace, but the times will let him have none of either. The Sultan, like most of his brother sovereigns, has his hobbies. Among other things he is an indefatigable collector of carriages. When he dies or takes to motorizing there will be five or six hundred interesting vehicles in the market—enough to make the fortune of a west-end auctioneer on commission. If the Sultan is a collector of carriages the Emperor of Japan may be classed as a collector of horses. He keeps two or three thousand of his own, and were the contents of his stables to be added to those of the Sultan's coach-houses the resultant sale would beggar half the curio-hunting millionaires of the age.

J. G.

Inexcusable.

Mrs. Upjohn—What is the trouble between you and Mrs. Highmus?

Mrs. Exclaw—There is no trouble. We don't go shopping together any more, that is all. She mortified me beyond measure the other morning, when we were at a furniture store, by asking the salesman if he would be kind enough to explain to her the difference between a hassock and an ottoman.

Co-education.

A well-known university professor has a dilemma in which he is wont to entrap advocates of co-education.

"If you lecture to twenty boys and twenty girls in the same room," he asks, "will the boys attend to the lecture or to the girls?"

Of course the co-educationist, to be consistent, must say that they will listen to the lecture.

"Well, if they do," replies the dean, "they are not worth lecturing to."

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HUDON, HEBERT & CO., Montreal,
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VIOLET FRERES,
Proprietors,
Thuir, France.

The Fashion of the Moment.

Talismanic gems are the latest novelty. All fashionable Parisians are wearing jewel amulets mystically engraved to ward off evil influences. Mounted in platinum or gold, the stones are set in fantastic designs as rings, pendants and bracelets. Red coral, with a man bearing a sword, is supposed to protect the wearer from epidemics, the topaz wins sympathy, beryl engraved with a frog is the lover's talisman, the new-fashioned alecto bearing the design of a hand ensures conjugal fidelity, and the cornelian and the sardonyx engraved with an eagle are reputed to attract fortune's favors. Every stone does not guarantee good luck; for example, jade and onyx are said to produce evil dreams.

When he can wear his left shoe on his right foot will be pleased.

Talk is not always cheap.

Money is not always the balance of power, gentlemen. There are those scales in which an ounce of integrity is worth a gold mine.

Dignity carried to excess is a malady.

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—American Illustrated Magazine.

An Interesting Autobiography.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is busily engaged writing her memoirs, the last page of which she hopes to have finished by next spring, which she hopes to spend as usual in the Riviera. The Empress observes the utmost secrecy about her work, every word of which has been written with her own hand, her secretary not even seeing the manuscript. Her Majesty uses a penholder studded with diamonds, with which the Peace of Paris was signed. The memoirs, which are not to be published for twenty years after the death of the Empress, should prove interesting reading for the next generation.

Early Japanese Mathematicians.

Mathematical students in Europe have been interested in a paper lately published describing Japanese mathematical studies, which shows that there was no small appreciation of this branch of exact science in ancient Japan. The Imperial Library at Tokio contains over 2,000 Japanese works on mathematics, some of which go back as far as 1505, and we find that in the seventeenth century these Oriental scientists were endeavoring to find the value of Pi. By 1722 they had figured out a value correct to forty-nine places of decimals, and were able to use various algebraic methods for solving equations. Geodetic measurements were made as early as 1613, and have since then been continued, arcs of the meridian being measured 1800-1813.

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A Religion to Live and Die by.

The Human Brotherhood I Believe In

(Fourth Sermon in the Series.)

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Acts 17: 26.

Human brotherhood is one of the very highest conceptions that ever came into the human mind. It is so high and so fine that we must not be surprised that it is slow of realization.

The progress of the human race has been an ascent—a long, slow, toilsome, struggling, uneven ascent, with many standstills, and some temporary retrogressions, but on the whole an ascent. We cannot trace the race back to its beginnings; but the farther back we go the cruder we find man's life to have been, the more signs appear of antagonism and conflict, and the less of brotherhood of any wide-reaching character do we discover. Early man had to struggle constantly for an existence. The sexual instinct drew him to his mate. The parental instinct created the family. The necessity for self-preservation taught him to associate with his fellows, and to lend help to them and receive help from them in his and their conflicts with brute or with human foes. He was moving in the direction of the possibility of human brotherhood, but had not reached it yet, more than in its most imperfect and rudimentary form. For long ages we find such brotherhood as he knew anything about confined to his own immediate tribe or race or nation. The earliest great civilization of the Mediterranean world was that of Egypt. But Egypt looked down with measureless pride and contempt upon the peoples around her. When the Jews came on the scene in Palestine they separated the world into two great divisions, Jews and Gentiles, between whom in their thought there was a great gulf fixed. The Greeks and Romans held themselves aloof in the same way from the so-called "barbarian" nations. True, to a few of the loftier spirits—and in Palestine the same thought came to some of the loftier spirits—in the Old Testament days to some of the greater prophets, and in New Testament times to Jesus and Paul. Still, even yet the world was not ready for the thought. And, although the new Christianity adopted it in a way, as a part of the doctrine of its Founder, yet in a little while it had forgotten it, and buried it out of sight under dogmas that contradicted it and made it of no effect. But within the past century the great thought of the brotherhood, the universal brotherhood of men, as associated indissolubly with and growing necessarily out of the conception of the universal Fatherhood of God, has come to the front in the thinking of the Christian world, and is declaring itself to be vital and central in the teaching of Jesus and in any religion that has a right to call itself by His name. May we not believe that at last the time is ripe for it—that the mind of the age is ready to receive this great thought as into soil that has been ploughed and mellowed and prepared for it by all the centuries past, and especially by the wonderful enlargement that has come to men's minds from modern knowledge?

For one, I believe in brotherhood. I believe that the world has no greater need. In presenting the subject to you to-night, let me consider first brotherhood between races, then between nations, then between classes and individuals, and finally between religions.

In speaking of brotherhood between races, it is to be observed that progress is perhaps slower here than anywhere else, because the difficulties to be overcome are greatest. The first condition of friendship, or of any feeling that is akin to brotherhood, is acquaintance. People who are strange to us, whose ways are different from our ways, naturally repel us. Charles Lamb, in talking with a friend, referred to a certain man as one whom he hated. "But why do you hate him?" said his friend. "Do you know him?" "Oh no," replied Lamb, "that is why I hate him." It is because races are usually so widely separated from one another—both in habitat and in race characteristics, as color, form, features, language, mode of dress and manner of living, and therefore strangers to each other—that there is so much race antagonism. But this antagonism need not be permanent. Knowledge is fast increasing. All parts of the world and all races of men are being brought into closer touch with one another. There is no reason for the continuance of old ignorances, old prejudices, old feuds, old hatreds, old antagonisms. Intimate acquaintance with races shows them all to possess qualities which, in their different ways, are interesting and attractive, and which form a solid basis for mutual friendship, regard and fraternal relations. Indeed, rightly looked at, difference itself has in it an element of charm. How much more interesting is the world because there is on its surface a variety of trees, a variety of flowers, a variety of animal life, a variety of scenery! In the same way, how much more interest-

them as we cultivate it toward our sister provinces?

It is very strange what uses we see men making of the word "patriotism." He who fights in some war that his country carries on, whether it is just or unjust, is called a patriot. He who devotes his whole life to his country in ways of peace, rendering her services of the greatest possible value, for example, as a teacher and educator of the young, or as an honorable and upright business man and developer of the country's financial and industrial resources, or as a just and incorruptible judge on the bench—such a man is seldom pointed to as a patriot. And yet which is the real patriot? In the long history of the relations between France and Germany, involving so many bloody struggles, those Frenchmen have always claimed to be most patriotic who have been the bitterest enemies of Germany and done the most to keep alive hostility between the two nations. And those Germans have always claimed to be most patriotic who have been the bitterest enemies of France and most fanned the flame of hatred toward France in the breasts of their countrymen. But it was always false patriotism. Such patriots, so called, were really enemies of their respective countries. The real friends of France and Germany—the men in those nations who have been real patriots—have been those who have labored to allay enmity, and to create between the two nations sentiments of good-will and mutual respect and fraternity. So everywhere. To-day are there any such enemies of England as those men who stir up in the public mind of Britain constant distrust of the nations of the continent, and thus push on the Government to the building of more and even more warships, with the money so deeply needed for feeding and clothing and housing and educating the people? The reason why a nation like England or Germany or France is in danger of having other nations fly at its throat, if any such danger exists, is because those other nations believe that it is ready, when a pretext arises, to fly at their throats. As there is no course so safe for an individual man as to behaved himself and trust his fellows, so there is no course so safe for a nation as to behave itself and trust other nations. And as there is no course so dangerous for a man as to distrust everybody and go about arrogant and defiant and armed to the teeth, so no course is so dangerous for a nation as to distrust and antagonize other nations and depend for safety on armies and navies. The nation that is all the while looking for war and preparing for war will never be long without war, as the histories of all the leading military nations of the world show. While the nation that sincerely seeks peace will readily find it.

I do not believe there is a nation in Europe or America—at least a nation of any considerable size and importance—that could not with absolute safety to-morrow announce to the world, "From this time on we shall keep no army except simply enough for police purposes at home, and no navy except what may be necessary for police purposes on waters for which we are responsible; our policy hereafter will be peace; we shall commit no aggression; we shall try to treat all nations and all men justly and fairly; we shall cultivate among our own people a spirit of respect for other peoples; we shall do what in us lies to promote good-will and brotherhood among all nations. If ever trouble arises between us and any other nation which we cannot peacefully settle between that nation and ourselves, we will submit it for settlement to the Hague Court, and abide by its decision." I say, I believe there is not an important nation of Europe or America that could not make such announcement as this to-morrow with perfect safety. Its security would not be simply as great as before, but very much greater. No nation would dare to attack it. No nation would wish to attack it. And how such a nation thus relieved from the staggering burden of modern militarism would forge ahead, in industry, in commerce, in the arts and sciences, in education, in the comfort and prosperity of its people! It would become the admired and the envied land of the whole civilized world.

And, believe me, one strong, influential nation, like France, or Germany, or Russia, or Great Britain, or the United States, or Canada, courageous enough and wise enough and foreseeing enough to take such a stand, would not long stand alone. Others would join her; others would be only too glad to join her when she led the way; nay, others would be compelled to join her or be left hopelessly behind in the race for prosperity, wealth, influence and leadership in the world. No! the nations of the world would need nothing else so much both for their prosperity and their safety, as they need brotherhood.

Pass now from races and nations to communities and individual men. Here the need and the practicability of brotherhood is perhaps more easily seen and more generally confessed. And yet how little practical brotherhood is there even here between nations with what there ought to be!

We look to far-away India, and there see brotherhood among the people broken up in a most serious way by caste. We look over to Russia, and to England, our own Motherland, and there we find brotherhood of any large or complete kind prevented by the existence of an hereditary aristocracy, a privileged class, that separate themselves from the people and claim to be above them. Here in the New World we have the very great advantage of being free from caste in any such form as it appears in India, and free from any hereditary aristocracy such as exists in England or Russia. And yet, are there not signs of another kind of caste arising among us, and another kind of aristocracy, scarcely less evil than those of the older world? I mean the caste and the aristocracy of money. Great wealth wherever it appears tends to separate its possessors into a sort of caste, into a sort of artificial and often anything but noble aristocracy, which breaks up human brotherhood about

as effectively as it is ever broken up anywhere. This is doubtless the greatest danger to brotherhood that confronts us in this New World. How must we meet this danger? I think in several ways.

For one thing, we must do all we can to create a public sentiment which will make it a disgrace for rich men to use their riches for mere selfish ends, for ends of mere personal pleasure and self-aggrandizement. We must help them to understand that the public has a just partnership in all their wealth. They did not create it out of nothing. They were able to obtain it only because the community helped them in a thousand ways. Compelled to spend their lives in a desert, or on an island of the sea, separated from their fellow-men, they would have been able to accumulate as little wealth as the beggar that asks alms of them. They are rich, largely because they have been widely ministered to and richly aided. Therefore their wealth is only in part theirs. The law of the land gives them the privilege of directing its use; but there is a law higher than any act of parliament which declares that they are only trustees. The community has claims upon the possessions they hold and upon them. They themselves are not their own. They belong to God. They belong to their country. They belong to their fellowmen. In ancient Athens it was regarded as a disgrace for rich men to live in luxury, or to lavish their wealth upon themselves and their families. Public sentiment required them to employ it largely for the public good. We ought to have such a public sentiment in Canada.

But it is not enough that we demand of men of wealth that they spend their accumulations in less selfish and more useful ways; we must also do all in our power, and much more than is yet being done, to prevent the accumulation of wealth in a few hands by men who rob the people of what justly belongs to them.

Too many of the enactments of our city governments and provincial and national parliaments might very well be headed, "Acts to create millionaires," or, "Acts to make a few men rich by granting them monopolistic privileges, or valuable franchises, at the expense of the people." Whatever we can do to prevent such enactments, and to guard the rights of the people as a whole, in our public lands, our mines, our forests, our water powers, our city streets, our country roads, our lakes, rivers and waterways, our natural monopolies and valuable franchises of all kinds, is just so much done to prevent the unjust accumulation in the hands of the few of that wealth which of right belongs to the many, and therefore just so much to promote brotherhood and to checkmate those forces and influences which tend to destroy brotherhood.

We in Canada are inexpressibly favored and inestimably rich in that we have the principle of brotherhood—brotherhood embracing all the people—embodied in our very government. Our government is a democracy. Democracy means political brotherhood. However, democracy has its foes. Evil men and corrupting influences may rob us of our heritage, leaving us the form of brotherhood with the substance gone. Hence the need of eternal vigilance. We must guard the purity of the ballot as one would guard the apple of his eye. We must never forget that every bribe, every corrupt political practice, every bad man put into office, injures the people, does just so much to deprive them of their just rights, their equality, their liberty, and to destroy the precious principle of brotherhood on which their government rests.

One of the greatest and most important agencies that we have in our hands for the promotion of brotherhood is our public schools. These schools are for all. This means intelligence—at least a measure of intelligence—for all. Our schools are invaluable. They are a necessity, if government of the people, for the people and by the people is to endure. We must guard them against all foes. But should our free education—that education which we place within the reach of all, the poor as well as the rich—stop with the primary or even the secondary school? I think not. I cannot but believe that the welfare of the nation, justice to the people, and the democratic principle of equality of privilege to all, unite in the demand that public provision be made to give to every child of the nation, no matter how poor he may be, and at the expense of the nation, an education as good as the richest who can obtain—including a college course if he desires it, and also including such practical or industrial or professional training as will fit him for some calling in life by which he may earn his bread. That would be safeguarding in the highest degree the interests of the State. That would be putting all the people on an equality, so far as education could do it. That would be the real brotherhood which democracy ought to mean.

I have now spoken of brotherhood between races, nations, communities and individuals. A few words should be said about brotherhood between religions. At first sight it would seem very natural to suppose that religious brotherhood would come to men earliest and easiest of all. But as a fact it has been one of the last to make its appearance. Even yet the world knows only a little about it. It is seen in any complete form only among a very few men and women of advanced thought and of exceptional breadth of mind. Men have had to grow up to religious brotherhood, as to every other kind, through a long, slow process. Religion began in the world low down. Early people generally believed in many gods. They attributed to their gods their own characteristics and passions. If two nations or people were hostile toward each other, their gods were regarded as hostile. Under such conditions there could be no brotherhood between religions. The long climb had to be made from belief in many gods to belief in one God over all lands and people, before religious brotherhood on a large scale could even enter into the thought of men. And even after men had largely come to believe in one God there were many obstacles to be overcome.



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When the Feet Are Biggest.

"I am going abroad," said the patron, "for two years. I want you to measure me for eight pairs of shoes." "Yes, sir," said the bootmaker. "I shall be glad, sir. But I would prefer to measure you in the afternoon, rather than the morning. Could you return to-day or to-morrow, at three or four o'clock, say?"

"I suppose so," said the patron. "But why can't you measure me now?"

"It is too early, sir. Your foot has not yet acquired its size for the day. If I measured you now the shoes would be a little too small."

"Walking about on our feet as we do, the feet grow, develop, swell—

whatever you choose to do it—from rising time until about three in the afternoon. At three they have their full size for the day. They retain this size till we retire, when they shrink up again for the night."

"Hence, to have well-fitting, comfortable shoes, it is necessary to be measured in the afternoon."—Providence "Journal."

An Eye for Business.

A suburban citizen who was talking with a group of friends remarked: "Our undertaker out at Lonesome-burst is very anxious that another should come to the town."

"You don't mean that he actually desires a competitor?" was asked in surprise.

"Oh, no," was the explanation. "But he knows he can't last much longer, and he wants to get professional rates."

The Highest Railway Bridge.

A notable engineering work is now being executed in France, and involves the construction of a viaduct crossing the Sioule Valley near Vauriat. This structure, known as the Fades Viaduct, when completed will be the highest railway bridge in the world, the level of the rails being 434 feet 7 inches above the bed of the stream. There are two granite masonry tower piers which are founded on solid rock and rise to a height of 303 feet. These piers standing alone have the appearance of large chimneys, but their function is to support the three steel spans, which have the unusual lengths of 472 feet 5 inches for the center span and 378 feet for each of the flanking spans. The latter connect with masonry approach spans formed by circular arches. This bridge differs from other structures in the use of masonry instead of steel for the center towers, and the use of lattice girder-deck spans instead of the arch construction of either masonry or steel, a favorite method of crossing such a valley.



Anecdotal

"Look at the crowds that have come to see the horses on show," said an enthusiastic lover of the noble animal as he entered Madison Square Garden, in New York, "who shall say the public is not as keenly interested as ever in the horses?" I noticed, "as we came in," replied his friend, "that the crowd arrived in automobiles."

Lloyd Osbourne, who objects to having his name misspelled, is credited with the following speech: "That was an excellent advertisement of my novel in last Saturday's 'Sun,' but you really must be careful about the name. It was misspelled." "Why, I thought you were b-o-r-n." "I was," replied the author, "but I have been b-o-u-r-n-e ever since I was b-o-r-n."

The late General Isaac J. Wistar of Philadelphia was condemning warfare. At the end of a vivid description of war's horrors, he smiled. "A woman," he said, "twice married, stood with her second husband beside the grave of her first. 'Here, she murmured, 'a hero lies. You would not be my husband to-day, Jack, had John not been killed at Gettysburg. 'Oh, the man cried mercifully, what a curse war is!'

The clergyman preached a rather exhaustive sermon, the other Sabbath, from the text, "Thou Art Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Soon another person started, whereupon the preacher said: "That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out."

In a debate on the agricultural appropriation bill, Congressman Rixey of Virginia was denouncing the agricultural committee vigorously because it had been promising for years to do something for Virginia, and had not done it yet. Chairman Wadsworth tried to pour oil on the troubled waters. "The gentleman from Virginia must remember," said he, "that Rome wasn't built in a day." "I know it wasn't," retorted Rixey, "and if Romulus and Remus had been on the agricultural committee it wouldn't be built yet."

A little girl, coming in contact with death for the first time in the shape of a lifeless bird that she found in the wood, ran with it to her nurse. "What can be the matter with it?" she cried, in amazement. The nurse improved the occasion. "The bird is dead," she said, portentously; "we must all die some day." The little girl looked at the small corpse in her hand contemplatively, then dropped it with some disgust. "You may die if you want to," she replied; "I sha'n't."

A New York workman was wrought up over a rumor he had heard on his way from home, but which had not been verified to him. "Say, Mike," was his greeting, "did ye hear the Pope was dead?" "The Pope?" answered the laconic Mike; "what Pope?" "Why the Pope in Rome, av course, yer thick-head. I heard he's gone." "Well, well," said Mike, reflectively, as he rested on his spade, "perhaps it's not so. But, say, Jerry" (after a pause), "if it's true, sure I hope Teddy won't appoint a Protestant in his place."

An old captain and his mate, feeling hungry, went into a restaurant on the water front and ordered dinner. The waiter, with considerable flourish, placed a plate of thin, watery-looking liquid before each of them. "Say, young fellow, what's this stuff?" shouted the captain, gazing in amazement at the concoction under his nose. "Soup, sir," replied the waiter. "Soup?" shouted the old sea-dog, "soup, Bill" (turning to the mate), "just think of that! Here you and me have been sailing on soup all our lives an' never known it till now."

During the Civil War the late Colonel Gabe Bouck organized a regiment, which he controlled as a dictator. While the army was resting after Colonel Gabe's first campaign, an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp, and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer. "Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe."

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THE SUPERFLUOUS BABY.

THE workshop of Santa Claus is popularly supposed to be a rather untidy place, littered with shavings, and betraying an air of unseemly bustle, as if the orders were always behindhand.

On the contrary, however, it is a trim affair. Aside from the whir of the factory wheels, regular and monotonous in their insistence, it is extremely quiet and orderly.

As you enter, Santa Claus is just on the left. A large mahogany desk is in front of him, its edge having been rounded in to admit the curve of his delightful stomach. Just at his right there sits a stenographer. At his elbow is a telephone, which connects him instantly with all parts of his extensive plant, and in front of him is an elaborate system of indexes, which enable him to keep in touch with all of his numerous friends, scattered over the world.

It was just before the Christmas rush, as Santa Claus sat with his pipe in his mouth dictating some correspondence, that his old friend, the Stork, came in. The Stork and Santa Claus worked together a great deal. They played, as it were, into each other's hands.

The Stork looked tired. He had rings under his eyes. He had been up late the night before.

"This gay life," he remarked, as he threw himself down into a chair, "is killing me. I've been up every night this week."

"You surprise me," said Santa Claus. "I understand that the birth-rate has never been so light."

"That may be so, but somehow the orders all seem to come in a bunch. Sometimes I lie around for days with nothing to do, and then it's flap, flap night and day. My dear boy, I can tell you seriously that the life of a stork is no cinch."

Santa Claus leaned back and puffed strenuously. He looked seriously at his companion.

"My friend," he said, "do you know, I am often greatly disappointed at the way you do your work. You see I go over the ground pretty thoroughly. I know."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that you don't always distribute your product where it will do the most good. Why, sir, I'm simply dumbfounded when I see the number of people who ought to have babies, and don't."

"But, my dear Stork, there ought to be plenty of people who want such a baby."

The Stork smiled.

"You dare to make such a statement," he observed. "Why, aren't you acquainted with the whole field?"

"And didn't you, from all the people you know, select the ones that you thought were simply dying for one—and look at the result! I tell you, my friend, he is utterly useless. What do you expect me to do—beg him from door to door when nobody wants him?"

Santa Claus was by this time worked up to a high pitch of excitement. He rose and began walking the floor.

"I don't believe it!" he cried. "It can't be so. Have I been mistaken all these years? There must be lots of folks who want him."

He picked up the child and held him in his arms.

"Look at him!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever see a more beautiful baby? Look at his curves and dimples. A perfect picture of health! Why, he's wonderful. I'd keep him myself, if—"

"Why don't you?" asked the Stork, eagerly. "That would settle the matter. It would relieve me also. You must do something. Your suggestion was responsible for him. Take him, I implore."

He took the card that Santa Claus handed him, and looked it over keenly.

"I suppose," he said, "that I might stretch a point in their favor. Of course you understand that this is not regular. That is to say, I shall have to procure an extra baby, out of the ordinary course of business, and in case these friends of yours should—should—well, not take to him—"

"Not take to him! Why, my dear friend, they're crying for him. The old gentleman goes around all the time with a longing in his heart for the patter of baby footsteps. The old lady is crazy on the subject. Why, she'll go a hundred miles any time to fondle one. It's all right! They deserve the best one you can furnish—twill be none too good for them."

"Very well—just as you say. Of course, this not being usual, you will deliver him?"

"Certainly. I usually drop in there for a few moments on Christmas eve to help them trim their tree, and this time I'll just hang him on one of the lower branches."

On the day before Christmas the baby was delivered. The package was marked "At, in good order." As Santa Claus opened it, he whistled with joy.

"Whom did you place him with?" asked the Stork, eagerly.

Santa Claus brushed a tear away.

"I placed him," he said, "with a firm of baby food manufacturers, who are going to use him as a photographer's model of the only perfect baby in existence."—Tom Masson, in "Life."

• • •

Copying London.

New York is determined to copy London. At least, so says an American paper.

Since the fashionable Six Hundred cannot buy the magnificent jewelry constituting the envied heirlooms of the effete British aristocracy they are busy buying facsimile copies—not seemly so valuable as they seem. With a characteristic combination of sparkle and economy some of the copyists are content with paste.

A Boston beauty wears a copy of the Duchess of Marlborough's coronet and a spurious imitation of Lady Ripon's collar. A New Yorker has a duplicate of Lady Craven's diamond butterfly, another copied Lady Burton's necklace, the wife of a New York stock broker wears an aigrette like the one that used to decorate the dainty little head of Lady Marjorie Manners and a "dog collar" like the Duchess of Marlborough's, while a Chicago belle prefers Lady Grey Egerton's dragonfly pendant, and a Fifth avenue beauty Lady Lonsdale's pearl and diamond necklace. But I suppose there is nothing surprising in this. American "society" is at best a distant copy of the British original.

• • •

You say both his legs were shot off!"

"Yes."

"How did he ever get home—seven miles away?"

"Why, he said the shrieks of the wounded made his flesh creep so that he got home in very short time."

• • •

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

is a beautiful polisher, absolutely free from grit and acid. Are you using it? You ought to be. Ask your dentist.

the first how it would be. I wanted to please you, and so I consented. But to be entirely frank with you, those old friends of yours have an elephant on their hands!"

"Impossible!"

"Not at all. If you had thought it over you would see that it must be so. The fact is, that they didn't really want a baby—all they wanted was just what they had—they wanted to dream about one. As long as they could fool themselves into believing that what they wanted was a baby, they were happy. But the moment they were confronted with the reality they woke up. The old gentleman, perhaps without knowing it, was set in his ways. He was used to certain things. The old lady was just as set. She liked to go and visit where there were babies, and talk about them and gush about them and give advice about them. But when it came to the real thing, that was different. We not only destroyed all their illusions, but we upset them completely by our untimely gift. And so, my friend, I've brought him back. You see, I have some feeling left in my stony old bosom. I'm not so heartless as you and some folks believe."

"Brought him back!" cried Santa Claus.

"Yes, here he is," said the Stork, taking the lid off his basket. "Did you ever see a finer specimen? Isn't he a beauty? Perfect in every way—a really most extraordinary baby."

"And now, what shall I do with him?"

"Why, good gracious! Don't ask me."

"But you forget, my friend, that you got me into this scrape. You see I can't place him among my regular patrons, because my orders are so far ahead that I've simply got to deliver from the stock now on hand. I might substitute him for another, but that wouldn't make matters any better; indeed, I would then only have an inferior article on my hands. And so here we are with a superfluous baby—perfect, lovable, delightful—and impossible to get rid of."

"But, my dear Stork, there ought to be plenty of people who want such a baby."

The Stork smiled.

"You dare to make such a statement," he observed. "Why, aren't you acquainted with the whole field? And didn't you, from all the people you know, select the ones that you thought were simply dying for one—and look at the result! I tell you, my friend, he is utterly useless. What do you expect me to do—beg him from door to door when nobody wants him?"

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"Why don't you?" asked the Stork, eagerly. "That would settle the matter. It would relieve me also. You must do something. Your suggestion was responsible for him. Take him, I implore."

Santa Claus lifted a warning finger.

"Sh!" he whispered. "Not so loud, old man. I'd do it in a minute, but you know Mrs. Santa Claus is peculiar. She is also set in her ways. Don't refer to the subject again, I beseech you. But I tell you what I will do. I feel confident that I can dispose of this baby. I'll advertise him in all the Sunday papers. There must be some one. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime," repeated the Stork, "I must be going. I have several hurry calls on hand. Do the best you can. I rely upon you."

It was several days later before he came in again. But one morning he appeared, curious and anxiety mingled in his fatherly old countenance. Santa Claus sat dejectedly puffing his pipe.

"Well," said the Stork, "how is it? I suspect by your manner that we still have that baby on our hands."

"No," said Santa Claus, "I got rid of him. I placed him at last with some good people. They'll treat him well, I know, but I can assure you that it was a great blow to me to think that none of the people I know wanted him—there was actually no demand at all."

"Whom did you place him with?" asked the Stork, eagerly.

Santa Claus brushed a tear away.

"I placed him," he said, "with a firm of baby food manufacturers, who are going to use him as a photographer's model of the only perfect baby in existence."—Tom Masson, in "Life."

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Reparation des Bébés Incassables.

The following verbal "bull" is credited to a Frenchman who, while promenading with a friend, noticed a passing cab drawn by a pair of horses, one black and the other white.

"Look," said one; "you don't often see a pure white horse and a pure black one harnessed together."

"That's so," was the response. "Do you know why the black horse is on the near side?"

"No,"

"Why, they always put the horse that isn't the same color as the other on the near side."

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Lord Kitchener's Double.

When the unemployed procession went up west the other day a good-natured police inspector, the living image of Kitchener Sahib plus a broad smile, was conspicuous among the crowd soothing the angry demonstrators.

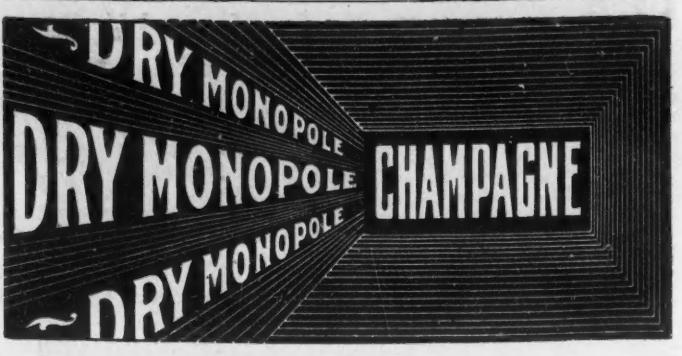
I am told his name, by a curious coincidence, is Kitch and that he is a chief inspector in one of the South London divisions. The resemblance is ridiculous accurate, and it would be impossible to distinguish Kitchener from Kitch were it not that the genial smile of the latter is such a contrast to the usually stern aspect of the former. This is a difference, however, which tends to disappear, for it is said that in spite of his quarrel with Lord Curzon the Indian Commander-in-Chief has grown daily more human since his unfortunate accident in the "Kissi, Jagah."

• • •

A New Domestic Danger.

The servant question threatens to become further complicated in America if the example of Miss Amelia Casper of Milwaukee is generally followed.

Until her master purchased a motor car Amelia was a useful domestic servant in his house, and it was in a spirit of railing that he suggested she should become the family chauffeur. Miss Casper, however, took him at his word, studied automobile literature instead of penny novelettes, attended a motoring academy, and one day boldly undertook to drive and look after the family motor car. A trial proved that she was able to drive and care for the car very well, and now she has established herself as a professional chauffeur. She thinks that it is quite a suitable occupation for women provided they can keep a cool head and are not afraid of soiling their hands in attending to the mechanism. But who is going to do the housework if other domestics follow her example? That is the question.



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Effective Jan. 1st, double daily service will be discontinued,



MUSIC

R. TORRINGTON and his Festival Chorus and Orchestra gave an impressive production of Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," on Thursday evening of last week in Massey Hall. The event attracted an audience that filled the auditorium and overflowed with enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that manifested itself in embarrassing demands for encores, a few of which were conceded. The chorus, while not so large as Dr. Torrington is accustomed to direct, sang even the most difficult numbers of the work with a musical and well-knit body of tone, and a precision that won great praise from their hearers. The voices of the sopranos had the pleasing quality of sweetness, and sustained the high pitch with surprising success, particularly in the "Hallelujah" chorus. The male sections evidently contained excellent material in regard to vocal quality and executive ability. Both in the homophony and contrapuntal choruses the dynamic effects were very satisfying. In the passages of full harmony the sonority was rich and compact. The solo quartette consisted of Miss Eileen Millett, soprano; Mrs. Grace Carter Merry, contralto; H. Ruthven McDonald, baritone, and E. C. Towne of Chicago, tenor. Our three native artists, perhaps never sang here in oratorio to better advantage, while Mr. Towne won a pronounced triumph by his fervent and dramatic interpretations. Miss Millett rendered her solos with rare intelligence and with conspicuous beauty of voice and truth of intonation. Mrs. Merry sang "He Was Despised" with an expression in which there was pathos that was elevated in character. The number, moreover, revealed the sympathetic quality of her voice to advantage. Mr. Ruthven McDonald was in excellent form, and sang the exacting "Why Do the Nations?" with admirable emphasis and spirit, and with an accuracy of delivery that was an achievement considering the fast pace at which the aria was taken. Mr. Towne has a telling voice, and as already mentioned, a dramatic style. In his "Thou Shalt Break Them" he declaimed the words with what may be called fine eloquence of significance and power. The two last-mentioned numbers permitted of encores, and they were re-demanded with hearty unanimity. The orchestra won its laurels in the "Pastoral Symphony," which was played with admirable softness and delicacy, and met with applause that demanded a repeat. I have not mentioned the individual choruses, but it will be sufficient to say that the "Hallelujah" and other massive vocal ensembles were inspiring in grandeur. Summarizing the performance, it appeared to me to be evenly balanced, the only serious defect being an occasional lack of refinement in the brass section of the orchestra. Dr. Torrington conducted with his well-known ability, and Mrs. Blight afforded valuable assistance at the organ. Dr. Torrington, with characteristic energy, has summoned his chorus to an early meeting in order to commence the rehearsals for the "Redemption," which he expects to produce before the close of the musical season.

Madame Albani is announced to give a farewell tour this season in her native country. She will be supported by a company of vocal and instrumental artists of repute. Madame Albani is expected in Toronto in March.

Miss Otie Chew, the young English violinist, will give a recital in Association Hall on Monday evening. She comes with the reputation of being a finished executant and an accomplished musician.

The usual yearly summary of operatic doings in Germany, the time covered being from September 1, 1904, to August 31st last, has appeared. Nine works by Wagner were performed. These, with the number of representations, were: "Der Fliegende Holländer," 218; "Tannhäuser," 326; "Lohengrin," 341; "Die Meistersinger," 192; "Das Rheingold," 66; "Die Walküre," 168; "Siegfried," 127; "Götterdämmerung," 89; "Tristan," 68. "Lohengrin" and "Carmen" have long contended for supremacy on the German stage, and this year they have run a dead heat, each having been played 341 times. The Germans have had a decided taste for French opera. They heard "Faust" 220 times, other works and figures being: "Mig," 241; "Fra Diavolo," 99; "La Juive," 87; "Les Huguenots," 88; "Les Dragons de Villars," 126. Only seven Italian operas are in the list, but they did fairly well: "La Fille du Régiment," 100; "Païlassie," 218; "Cavalleria," 229; "Il Barbiere," 142; "Aida," 148; "Il Trovatore," 197; "La Traviata," 85. The German works next in favor after those of Wagner are: "Der Freischütz," 261; "Undine," 185; "Tsar and Zimmermann," 201; "Martha" and "Bettelstudent" tied with 187 each. But two works ran away from all the rest, Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus" and Josef Strauss's "Frühlingsluft" reaching the high figures of 422 and 450 respectively.

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Of Fritz Steinbach of Cologne, who omitted to hear Marie Hall, the English violinist, on the occasion of her recent appearance here, should not fail to attend her return concert on the 13th inst. at Massey Hall. Miss Hall is a magnificently equipped artist, but being English she has been depreciated by certain New York critics with whom little is acceptable.

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In 1886 he succeeded Hans von Bülow as conductor of the Meiningen Orchestra. This was no easy position to fill for Von Bülow, with his iron will and tireless industry, had brought that organization to a point of perfection hitherto unknown in the Fatherland. In Mainz Steinbach became acquainted with Brahms, and from that time on the master took a lively interest in the ambitious young musician. In fact, few were on such friendly terms with Brahms as Steinbach.

While in this position Steinbach received the title of General Musical Director from the Duke of Meiningen. The title of "general" in another sense would be very appropriate for Steinbach, for he has indeed many of the qualities of a great general. His command over the orchestra is remarkable. He is overflowing with energy, and holds his men with a grip of iron. I shall never forget the effect his conducting produced here a few years ago at the great Joachim sixtieth jubilee. An orchestra of 200 picked artists had been brought together, in which there were 120 string players, all of the Joachim school. Joachim himself said that never in all his life had he heard such an orchestra, and it was the magnificent conducting of Fritz Steinbach, as well as the size and excellence of the band, that produced such unparalleled results. Steinbach later resigned from the Meiningen Orchestra, and took the place of Franz Wüllner as conductor of the famous Gurzenich concerts in Cologne, at the same time becoming director of the Cologne Conservatory. His symphony concerts are among the best in Germany.

There are some highly cultured musicians who say that Mendelssohn is played out, that Gounod did not know how to write, and that Beethoven's music is growing dim with age. This is a mere attitude that I think is very much a matter of affectation. If there are any such blase people in our midst I would advise them to attend the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir and of the National Chorus, which are within appreciable distance. In the one case they will hear Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," and may enjoy a new sensation; in the other they will listen to the "Scotch Symphony," and may have to acknowledge that Mendelssohn's music is still fresh, charming, imaginative and ingenious.

Lovers of oratorio music who were present at the production of "The Messiah" in Massey Hall last week will have had their appetites stimulated for this kind of music, and will naturally wish to hear that other great oratorio, "Samson," by the same composer. Handel, to be given in Massey Hall on January 25th by the Sherlock Oratorio Society. Less than three weeks remains till this date, and as the time for its presentation draws nigh the rehearsals become daily more rigid and exacting. Mr. Sherlock aims at the best possible result, and one may expect a satisfying performance. Tickets are being disposed of rapidly, but there is still a chance for subscribers to obtain choice of seats if they act promptly.

The Grand English Concert Company were unfortunate on Wednesday evening on the occasion of their second appearance in Toronto, for the weather was extremely unfavorable. As a result only two hundred people gathered in the hall of the Conservatory of Music to hear the choice programme which had been prepared. The four artists of the company were conscientious enough to do their very best, and succeeded in giving their audience a rich musical treat. Miss Hope Morgan, our Toronto soprano, sang with much gracefulness and refinement; Madame Beatrice Langley, the English violinist, again proved herself a thoroughly legitimate artiste and a most accomplished executant, with a splendid tone and a broad, grand style of bowing; Miss Myrtle Meggy, the little Australian girl, delighted everyone by her brilliant piano solo work, and Mr. Stanley Adams, the baritone, made a most favorable impression by his musically renderings of an attractive group of songs. The company have met with ill luck in this city. Their first concert was given immediately after the Marie Hall and Gadski concerts, and this week the weather has proved their enemy.

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Viola Allen in "The Toast of the Town."

Miss Viola Allen is to be the attraction at the Princess Theatre the latter half of next week, appearing as Betty Singleton in Clyde Fitch's play, "The Toast of the Town." Miss Allen has, according to all accounts, achieved the greatest success of her career in this play. It appears that Mr. Fitch has provided Miss Allen not only with a great play, but with a great role. It is rather curious that the two characters in which Miss Allen has achieved her greatest personal successes should be while impersonating an actress, referring, of course, to Glory Quayle in "The Christian," and to the charming Betty Singleton of "The Toast of the Town." Miss Allen is one of those rare actresses whose charm it is impossible to adequately describe, for it is compounded of so many notable qualities. She is the daintiest of comedienne, full of mirth and delicate humor, while, when tragic pathos is required, her heart holds us enthralled. Mr. Fitch's play is in four acts, and while the title, "The Toast of the Town," might indicate a light and sketchy story, the play is, on the contrary, one possessed of strong

SELF-CONTROL.

By Robert Wayne Harrison.

WO of the finest examples of self-control that have come under my observation were in children less than five years of age. One was the child of an actress, and so well was the little one drilled in self-control that no matter how much pain she suffered, or disappointment she encountered, she was enabled to repress the tears and show no emotions of sorrow, fear, or disappointment. The other seemed to be natural with a little boy, who, by his own strong will power, accomplished for himself the same that this little girl did through the help and drilling of her mother.

The lesson we learn from actors is a good one. They teach us that it is possible to repress our feelings under the most trying circumstances, and it is not an unusual thing to read of an actor or actress going through their lines upon the stage with the knowledge that a dearly loved one miles away is slowly passing away from the stage of life.

One of the saddest things we encounter is to see one drifting helplessly and hopelessly upon the sea of life, a slave to something. We hold up our hands in holy horror when the subject of slavery is introduced, yet there are more slaves to-day than ever before in the history of the world. Slaves to fashion, and unable to break the chains; slaves to superstition, and unwilling to look at the light of truth; slaves to dogmas and rituals, and too cowardly to live the free life of an emancipated soul; slaves to our children, and too blind to make them stand upon their own feet; slaves to stimulants, narcotics, drugs, tobacco and our appetites, and without the moral courage to live the simple life and trust ourselves.

People are too prone to do this, and to do that, and to believe something just because their daddies did it. They allow others to think for them and to control them, instead of thinking for themselves and controlling themselves.

I know men who have attempted to control companies, battalions and regiments, who could not control themselves. We see every day men attempting to rule cities, towns and governments who are sadly lacking in self-control. We see fathers and mothers attempting to control children who cannot, or will not, control themselves, and when we see it we have another example of the blind leading the blind. You cannot and must not expect to control others unless you can first control yourself. You cannot heal others unless you first heal yourself, and I repeat once more that scriptural injunction, "Physician, heal thyself!"

"How do you call this question?"

"I told a man exactly what I thought of him to-day."

"Yes, the telephone is a great invention."

make a place for yourself that you alone can fill.

Learn to say, and say it with all the emphasis of your soul, "I can and will be that which I wish."

The more I think of the incident about the old woman at the Holiness camp meeting, the more truth I see in it. In giving in their experiences, one man got up and said, "I am just as good as I want to be." "Yes," said an old lady, "we are all just as good as we want to be; if we were not we would be better."

The first law of psychology is for every one to attend to his or her own business. If we learn this lesson, does it not put us a long way on the road to self-control? I think so. I am aware that it is much easier for some to acquire self-control than others. Environment has much to do in shaping our lives, but there is a source of strength which enables us to overcome environment and attain self-control under the most trying circumstances.

Whence comes it? By studying the science of the soul we are enabled to appreciate what the everlasting spirit of truth is, and this it is which shall set us free. Free from sickness, free from fear, free from anxiety, free from pain, free from poverty, free from worry, free from sin and the devil.

It is possible for each and every one to be captain of his own soul, commander of his boat and ruler of a kingdom. The kingdom within is just as large as the one without, and it was a great truth written by an inspired one, who said: "He that conquereth himself is greater than one who conquers an army." —Suggestion.

Headed Off.

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?

Bridget—They wanted to, ma'am, but I towed them ye had plenty av yer own, and better ones, too.

Wise Girl.

"What did you do when he kissed you?"

"I called mamma."

"Why didn't you call your father?"

"Mamma was out."

How It Was Possible.

"I told a man exactly what I thought of him to-day."

"Yes, the telephone is a great invention."

One-half the world may not know how the other half lives, but it is eternally trying to find out.

In the Railway Station.

"Here!" shouted the depot official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks around like that?"

The baggageman gasped in astonishment, and several travelers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real. Then the official spoke again to the baggageman:

"Don't you see that you're making big dents in this concrete platform?"

The postal departments say Chicago is often and horribly misspelled by foreigners. It is said that the word has been spelled in 189 different ways. Here are some of the most puzzling: Zizazo, Japago, Hipaho, Jagiga, Schecchachio, Hizago, Chachio and Shicahbzdo.

Sweet Young Thing—Oh, this has been a wonderful day—my sixteenth birthday! I've had my first kiss from Arthur and my last box on the ears from mamma!

Arthur—Come now, Gwennie, are you going to marry me, or to make a fool of me?

Gwennie—My dear Arthur, I shall probably end in doing both.

Ikey, Jr. (fresh from school)—Fader, ven Caesar won a battle vonce, he chust wrote "veni, vidi, vici," in his message to Rome.

Ikey, Sr.—Ach, such a fool—and he could have sent seven more words for his quarter!

As Usual.

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NEPOTISM.

Stranger in New York—For Heaven's sake, who are those ridiculous kids?

Elevator Starter (in insurance office)—Sh-h-h! That's the Eighth Vice-President and the Tenth Assistant Actuary going in to draw their salaries.—Puck."

143 Yonge Street,
Toronto, Can.

Matter of Opinion.

The city council of Los Angeles, by an ordinance, has put its official ban on the chorus girl who appears clad in tights. "Nothing objectionable will be permitted on the stage" is the decree of the council, and the word "objectionable" has been construed to mean the appearance of women in tights.

She Knew.

A young lawyer had become very much attached to a certain young woman, who was somewhat celebrated among her friends for her repartee. The only obstacle in the pathway of the young man was his exceeding shyness, for while always in command of himself in the courtroom, he became almost speechless in the presence of his adored one. As one method of showing his devotion it was his custom to shower his inamorata with presents.

The young lady's mother, being far from satisfied with the status of the case, broached the subject.

"My dear," she said, "you have let Mr. Brown practically monopolize your society for a year, and now have scarcely any other callers. Has he ever given you to understand that his intentions are serious?"

"No, he hasn't said anything, but I know they are."

"How can you know it, if he has said nothing?"

The girl said, "you know he is a lawyer, and lawyers always commence a contract with 'Know all men by these presents.'"

The Fate of a Jest.

HE new Queen of Norway, Princess Maud of England, bears a strong family resemblance to her sisters, but is rather shorter and stouter than they are, and has brown hair and merry brown eyes. Her marriage has tended to develop her vivacity and high spirits. She has truthfully been described as a healthy English girl, with a keen sense of humor that leads her sometimes to play practical jokes, and a very considerable will of her own which was certainly amusingly exercised in overcoming the difficulties in the way of her marriage. From her girlhood it was known that the Princess would marry, if she did so at all, to please herself, and not merely to be settled! All her tastes are in favor of a simple life, and she is said to have disliked the idea of her husband listening to those who desired his acceptance of the throne of Norway because it would involve a return to ceremonial and court etiquette. With his usual skill, however, King Edward was able to influence his daughter to reconsider her attitude.

Norfolk was always the favorite home of the Princess, who has a special predilection for outdoor sports. She used to share in all her brothers' games, and was nicknamed the "tomboy" by the late Queen. She excelled in skating and riding, but when bicycling came in she discarded the saddle for the cycle, and now cycling is her own and her husband's favorite form of exercise. With all her affection for sport, however, she has a thoroughly feminine love of dress, combined with a talent for furnishing and the knack of making the rooms she lives in cosy and habitable. In her Copenhagen home yellow is the predominating decorative color, though her own boudoir is in blue. She has always been distinctly given to hobbies—bookbinding, photography and spinning having each held her in turn. She is remarkably neat-handed, and fond of doing fine needlework, and is also a brilliant pianist. Her linguistic ability is quite above the average, even for royalty, and she is one of the few who have a knowledge of Russian.

In her case marriage really meant emancipation, for, though the royal young people led a very simple life, there were certain inevitable restrictions as to freedom of choice of books or of companions and friends. Curiously enough, her marriage also put the Princess in possession of a gift bestowed on her at her christening by her godmother, the Duchess of Inverness, morganatic wife of the last Duke of Sussex. This was a magnificent diamond necklace, which was originally given with the condition that on no account was she to have possession of it till her wedding day. When Princess Charles she looked forward eagerly to her annual residence at Appleton, where her baby boy first saw the light on July 2, 1903; and no doubt part of her dislike to the idea of possibly becoming Queen Consort of Norway, may be traced to a fear that her residence in England as a regular thing may have to cease.

I see in this book," said Mrs. Squiggs, "that love laughs at locksmiths."

"Yes," said Mr. Squiggs; "what about it?"

"What about it? Nothing much. Only I was wondering what there is about a locksmith that love should laugh at him more than at anybody else."

Her Curiosity Was Excited.

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And Then He Went.

Little Brother—Do you know what I think?

Sister—No; what is it?

"I think if I were not in the room Mr. Jones would kiss you."

"You impudent boy! Leave the room instantly!" —Translated from "Tales" from "Meggedorfer Blätter."

Circulation.

"Who did you say that stranger was?" asked the country editor.

"Jonas Perkinbine," replied the loafer at the village store.

"Well, well! Why, that's the name of one of our subscribers."

"Don't say 'What's the name o' the other one?'"

"Why do bears sleep through the winter?" asked the boy who is studying natural history.

"Because," answered his father, "the President does not go hunting then. They've got to sleep some time."

Loquacious.

Lawson—What did your wife say to you when you got home last night?

Dawson—Say! She said an eighteen-volume encyclopaedia!

A sign a thin woman is popular: If her friends call her "fragile" instead of "skinny."



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NEPOTISM.

Stranger in New York—For Heaven's sake, who are those ridiculous kids?

Elevator Starter (in insurance office)—Sh-h-h! That's the Eighth Vice-President and the Tenth Assistant Actuary going in to draw their salaries.—Puck."

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Popular (1/2 oz.) size.....
1/2 lb. can (1/2 oz.).....

We are now able to quote the same prices for our customers as are paid by consumers in New York, London, San Francisco and other large markets of the world where staple goods are sold lowest. We think our patrons will appreciate it. We recommend Royal Baking Powder because it is of the highest quality—always gives perfect satisfaction, and is most economical in the end.

R. BARRON, Grocer, 728 Yonge St.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited



EVERYONE knows that we make a special feature of fashionable furs at bargain prices, but although our prices are low, every piece of fur that you purchase here can be depended on, as our offerings are composed entirely of furs of the better class, which makes our bargain prices all the more extraordinary: indeed prices here are without a precedent in the history of fur merchandising.

An inspection of our stock will certainly be time well spent and to our mutual advantage.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. 10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.



The above Coupon MUST accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor sends correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Correspondents must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances, and will be acknowledged and sent up to our own and the Editor's time by visiting remitters and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, sermons or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Box 800, and always accompanied by 50¢ postage.

Vampire—You are indeed well named. "Men," you say, "are only the enemies of women at heart. They take all they can get and give as little as possible." Well, my pretty beastie, it all depends on the type of women they are tramping with. I have not often met, either in work or play, the ogre you describe. True, he exists, but listen! I should feel frithfully wanting and dense if I couldn't find and develop the contrary quality in any man with whom I had more than a nodding acquaintance. It is almost always there, just as the loving and motherly spirit is nearly always in one of us. You may continue to assert and believe that man is your enemy, and a "greedy, selfish ogre." That idea, as the French say, does not sing to me. Besides, a man when meeting a vampire is likely to practise the golden rule of the humorist, "Do unto others as you think they'll do unto you, and do it first." That may give you a new point of view.

Marion—Funny person, whose birthday is the "twelfth" of November. I am glad someone else has to spell that word! November 12th brings you under the full influence of Scorpio, the great sea serpent, and water is the element in which you will find your counterpart. To begin with, you are deep, cautious and unlikely to give your confidence freely, courageous and fond of quick, impulsive, decided action, able to make the best of circumstances, cheerful and with some taste and artistic perception. I think you may be a trifle opinionated and are certainly not one upon whom moss will have a chance to collect.

Conservative—I cannot talk politics with you, old boy. I know too much about both sides. Be good!

Bee—You are a Libra child, and will, in the circumstances now surrounding you, likely best develop the poise and repose so necessary to your disposition. There is a good deal of refinement and charm, beside considerable originality, in your lines. Some wavering is noticeable in your lines of accomplishment, though in matters of principle you are firm. You are frank, trustful and honest and would probably be quite willing to watch another driving without the least desire to handle the reins yourself. The dominant touch is lacking. Your sympathies and feelings are quick and warm. Should be a popular and attractive girl, with some love of dainty and appropriate surroundings.

October Bride—May every happiness abide with you, and wisdom and patience and the love that sees the best in everything, including that brand-new hubby. There is a good deal of sentiment in your lines, and I am not surprised that you are enjoying your new life and home so much. Domesticity fits such a hand as yours very well. You may be fond of asserting opinions, and fate has given you the chance to develop self-reliance, but your victories will be

won by good-natured gentleness. You are so practical that you won't be weak. April 8th brings you under Aries—a noble sign, the sign of sacrifice. The element is fire, and by considering its qualities you may gain information about your own. If only people realized how like they are to the element governing their sign! Well, bride of the autumn, here's a good wish that your hearth fire may always burn bright and your hubby keep it well fed.

Chapel—I have never visited the "sunset doorway of Canada," as you call your home. It has seemed to me always like our back door, away off down the long lane. Too far for busy editors to go, my dear. Some day, maybe, when a certain ship comes home, I shall go to Hong Kong via the sunset doorway, and verify your remark about the scenery. You have the dominant touch and will never gracefully take a back seat. Ambition and buoyancy are strong; impulse, pride, decision and perhaps a taste of prejudice are noted. You can be reticent when necessary, but are not naturally mistrustful or cautious, nor is your judgment even or always correct. You have lots of intuition, however, and a certain magnetism which should make you a power and gain and keep your friends. You are a Virgo, and I, having just noticed that fact, am amused at some of the traits I first noted in your lines. The dominant touch, the forwardness and the buoyancy make Virgo's often perverted but always possible triumphs. Do not be so convinced and bigoted.

Kim—November 23rd brings you under Sagittarius. You are generous and open-hearted, not a very close reasoner, full of impulse, imaginative, sometimes careless of detail, ambitious, buoyant and decidedly clever and able; a fondness for water and delight in a storm at sea is a characteristic of November people, and as you have only partially emerged from Scorpio's influence, I am not surprised at it.

Jeanetton—Thanks very much, m'am, for your sweet little cheery message. It struck a chord that sang to me all day long. I shall not go to hear the evangelists, because such a crowd and such a disturbance of the reoson of the soul needs several days of care to get over. It is too difficult to conserve anyway, in this life of snatches and runs, but of course I wish them all success and shall hope for much good.

Too Deep.

"Once," drawled Uncle Enoch, "I knew two boys who went to a lecture over in Crownville, but they didn't like it much—it was clear over

their heads. So on their way home, been bound to have some fun, they stopped at the old pond, down by Harkins's mill, an' whisked off their evenin' toggery an' jumped in."

"And did they enjoy that?"

"We never found out. The pond went over their heads, too."

A tall old lady, dressed in black, and with a very business-like manner, walked into a well-known London establishment and, declining the service of the shop-walker, made directly for the crappe counter. She had rather a thoughtful air as she examined the stock, and the obliging young shopman remarked affably:

"We have a very large stock of crapes, madam. Just allow me to show you some new French goods, very popular just now for every kind of mourning. Now, these light crapes are all the rage for half-mourning for cousins. May—may I ask, madam, he added, hesitatingly, "for whom you are in mourning?"

"Husband," said the customer briefly.

"Ah, yes. Then I have just the material you require; the best style is—"

"Young man," interposed the old lady severely, "I am much obliged for your explanation. You may know a lot about the fashion, but as I buried my fourth husband yesterday, you may be sure I've got a grip of the subject."—"Tit-Bits."

Changed the Object.

"Yes," says the man with the speculative eyes, "the first of the year I rented a building and organized a 'swear-off club.'

"You did?" asks the man with the innocent expression.

"Yes; and the membership was limited to five hundred."

"Did you get that many?"

"Sure. The membership list was more than full by the first of February, so we changed the club into a backsliders' association."

Sweet Alice, Rose Velt.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Rose Velt—

Sweet Alice, who girdled the earth and brought from the Orient rare gifts galore.

Whose duty exceeded their worth? In the White House, where dwells the sweet Alice, Rose Velt.

Are those gifts which she dared not despise.

While poor Teddy lies sleeplessly scheming each night.

That duty to pay ere he dies.

—"Judge."



JOHNNY FORD AND MAYME GEHRUE,

The stars in "Lovers and Lunatics," the big singing and dancing entertainment coming to the Grand next week.

Society

A quiet home wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Chew, Midland, on December 27th, 1905, when Olive, their only daughter, was married to Mr. W. G. Paynes, the well-known baritone of Midland, by Rev. J. J. Elliott, B.A., pastor of Knox Church. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Lillian White, and the groom was supported by Mr. W. E. Haggart. Mr. and Mrs. Paynes left on the 3:20 train for a trip south, and on their return will reside in Toronto.

Mrs. Platt gave a very pretty tea at her residence, in James street, to introduce her younger daughter, Lillian. Mrs. Platt received her guests in an embroidered chiffon gown over black silk, and the debutante looked very fair and pretty in white net, with an armful of lily of the valley. The drawing-room was decorated in narcissi and smilax, while the tea-room was in the season's colors, presided over by Mrs. Mortimer Neelon, Mrs. Dougan and Mrs. Stanley-Smith, assisted by Miss Platt, Miss Mabel Brown, Daisy King, Rita Scott and Edith McClive.

Mrs. Samuel Turner Gilbert (née Purvis) will hold her first reception since her marriage at her home, 389 Brunswick avenue, on Thursday, January 11th, 1906.

Mrs. A. Titren Reynolds and Miss Reynolds of Fort Pearson, Natal, who have recently come to Toronto, are residing at No. 53 Elm avenue, Rosedale, and will receive for the first time in their new home on Friday and Saturday, January 12th and 13th. Mrs. Reynolds' sister, Miss Carrel Lyle of Clovelly, Devonshire, England, is also with her.

Mrs. Avory B. Yager and her little son of Brantford, who have been spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Thomas Alison, have returned home.

Mr. Edward C. Bull was home for the Christmas vacation, and has left for New York en route, I hear, to Rome, Italy.

Miss Gladys Ashley, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Livingston, of Avenue road, has returned to her home in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Edward Harrison of London, Eng., are staying with Mrs. Martin Scheek in King street, Parkdale. Mrs. Harrison will be at No. 1 Sussex Court during her husband's absence in South America.

Miss Mary Boylan of Buffalo, N.Y., is in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Copeland returned to Toronto yesterday from a three weeks' pleasant visit in New York.

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the Toronto Conservatory of Music Mr. Herbert C. Cox of Toronto was elected a member of the directorate.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated on December 27th in the Dunn Avenue Methodist Church, when Miss Maud Proctor, daughter of Mrs. S. Proctor, was married to Mr. John E. Chalkley. The bride's sister, Miss Annie Proctor, and the groomsmen were Mr. Norman Price. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Chalkley left on a trip to England and the Continent via New York, and on their return about April 1st will reside in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Spaidal of Brockville spent the New Year holidays renewing old acquaintances in the city, making their headquarters at the King Edward. They left for home Tuesday evening.

Marie Hall Returns.

No artist of any sex or age, virtuoso of any instrument, or possessor of any voice, has aroused the same admiration and created the same enthusiasm as did Marie Hall on her appearance in Toronto last month. Her return to Massey Hall next Saturday evening promises to bring out a tremendous audience. This little English girl possesses, in addition to her genius, a wonderful power which her frail form denies. She is the greatest magnet of the time in England, and is fast becoming so on her American tour. In years to come it will have been a delightful memory for the people who hear her on this first visit to America to remember her as a young artist.

If You Intend Going South

For the winter, or to spend a few weeks at the winter resorts, call on C. E. Horning, City Passenger Agent of Grand Trunk Railway, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Studying the Sense of Smell.

Among the senses none has proved more difficult to investigate than that of smell, and physiologists and psychologists are still at a loss to account satisfactorily for the manner in which this sense is excited. One theory is that minute particles are emitted by the odorous substance and affect the sense, while, on the other hand, it is held that this is accomplished by gases. The latter view is now supported by Dr. John Aitken, who has performed a number of experiments to substantiate his position. As this scientist made the discovery that fog was produced by the presence of minute dust particles in the air, his observations are entitled to serious consideration. His first experiments were made with musk, which, according to Berthelot, can be detected to 1,000,000,000,000,000.

Economy in buying a piano is always assured in the selection of a

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

(Made by ye olde Firme of Heintzman & Co., Limited)

despite the fact that this is the highest-priced piano made in Canada.

This economy comes in the fact that in this piano you have an instrument that will retain its musical characteristics and strength for years, however trying may be the use to which it is put. It is a piano that endures.

Its lasting tone has ever been one of the chief characteristics of this piano. Of its beauty of tone nothing needs to be said. Here it reigns alone and supreme.

"I found the tone massive in its sonority and of very excellent quality, with a particularly limpid tone in its mezzo tints."

—FRIEDHEIM.

PIANO SALON:—115-117 King St. West
Toronto, Canada.

By wrapping every Chocolate
we preserve the purity of Michie's
Cardinal Creams.

Each wrapper indicates the flavor of the cream and bears our name as a guarantee for every chocolate.

Sold only in bright cardinal boxes—one pound 30c.—half-pound 15c., at 7 King Street West.

Michie & Co., Ltd.

FIRST CANADIAN RECITAL
Fresh from Triumphs in London, Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, etc., etc.

ASSOCIATION HALL, MONDAY, AT 8.15

OTIE CHEW

Seats now selling at Nordheimer's—50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50.

London, Ontario.

A very talented artist violinist Otie Chew.

She is the possessor of a very clear and sure technique.

She is the possessor of a very clear and sure technique.

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SCENE ON THE RIVER CREDIT.

This is one of the most enchanting views on this classic river. It is on that part of the Credit that runs through the dairy farm of Messrs. Price & Sons, Erindale, and furnishes the purest of spring water for the cattle that roam at their own sweet will over this beautiful property.

WHERE PERRY "MET THE ENEMY."

WHEN Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, with his fleet, put into the midst of a beautiful group of islands along the southern edge of Lake Erie to rest a bit from the choppy waves of that turbulent old body of water, probably the furthest thought from his mind was that the bay and the sheltering islands surrounding it would receive a permanent name from this act.

It was thus, however, that the beautiful bay, and group of islands lying a few miles off shore from Sandusky, Ohio, derived the name of Put-in-Bay. Perry had scarcely more than collected his little fleet than the memorable Battle of Lake Erie was in progress, and the next day, September 10, 1813, Perry sent that significant despatch to the Government: "We have met the enemy and they are ours," the brief message which indicated that the war with England was virtually terminated. The place where the battle was fought was at once of importance, and must, forthwith, have a name. What better, then, than Put-in-Bay?

Historical glamor always attracts; but Put-in-Bay possesses natural charms sufficient to have established itself in favor with the pleasure-seeking public, even if it had never figured conspicuously in the making of the history of the United States.

The bay is conceded to be one of the most beautiful sheets of water on the Great Lakes, and long, long ago, even before Commodore Perry's day, red men and white men, fond of going a-fishing, discovered that its waters were bountifully supplied with many varieties of the finny tribe.

There is no better fishing in the world than at Put-in-Bay and the waters adjacent thereto. Fishermen from all sections of the country assemble there annually for the sport. Men of all walks of life, of all grades of intelligence, and all degrees of wealth, are attracted to the place by that one common tie, the love of "going a-fishing."

Ex-President Cleveland has whiled away many pleasant hours and made many genuine catches from the sides of a row-boat or a one-sail schooner upon these famous fishing-grounds. Black bass, which is the game fish of Lake Erie, is so plentiful at this particular point that lake dwellers claim it to be the headquarters of that family of fish. There is also an abundance of white bass, whitefish, pike and pickerel.

But Put-in-Bay has not gained its enviable reputation as a summer resort entirely on its fishing reputation. It has many other attractions. Club houses and fishing poles are put quite in the shade by a number of large and elegantly appointed hotels, and there are diversions which, to the minds of thousands of pleasure-seekers, far exceed the delights of fishing.

The picturesqueness of this group of islands in the bay and the delightful waters separating them, affords rare opportunities for excursions and boating of the most agreeable character.

Yachtmen of Lake Erie assemble here annually for their races, the islands being just far enough apart to make them objective points in this line of sport. And if those who do not go in very heavily for racing wish to dabble around slowly and close to shore, there are innumerable opportunities for these cautious ones.

Moonlight excursions form a very prominent feature of the place, but while moonlight on the water may appeal to the romantic, excursions by daylight are preferable to the sight-seer, for the islands, all of which are under a high state of cultivation and contain hundreds of acres of vine yards of the finest grapes, are well worth seeing.

The islands are also dotted here and there with elegant residences, surrounded with beautiful landscape gardening. They are the summer homes of refined and cultured people who go there to spend the summer months.

Put-in-Bay is considered the most interesting island of the group, from a sightseeing point of view. It is three miles long and has a population of 800. All of the islands of this locality are rich in geological inter-

est. The formation of Put-in-Bay Island is, however, considered more peculiar than the others, and while many scientific visitors of note resort here annually to pursue their investigations, they find Put-in-Bay Island their best field for research. Many subterranean caverns exist, the largest being known as "Perry's Cave," so named from the tradition that Perry concealed his log-book and other valuables there just previous to his encounter with the British.

The cave is near the center of the island. It has been considerably improved since Perry found his way into it, and has been made more commodious for the large visiting public, and more attractive and comfortable to prowl around in by the distribution of a number of lamps, which make it as bright as day.

The depth of Perry's Cave is about fifty feet from the surface. It has many arches formed by the meeting of the stalagmites and the stalactites, curious formations which, with the lights scattered here and there, give the place a most fantastic appearance, while in the center of the cave is a miniature lake, cool, clear and inviting.

Nature seems to have given Lake Erie but few summer resorts, but the shortage was amply made up in this Put-in-Bay island group which has become the most popular resort of the Great Lakes. It is annually visited by thousands, and is easily reached from all parts of the United States.

The climate is especially beneficial to bronchial troubles, and it is one of the few summer resorts on the face of the earth where the mosquito flourishes not. "Four-Track News."

LOOKING FORWARD TO VANCOUVER'S GREATNESS.

INTERESTING speculation is being centered on the future metropolis of the Dominion. The rapid settlement of the two new Western provinces has put a new commercial inspiration into the conservative cities of the St. Lawrence Valley—Toronto, Montreal and Quebec, says "Collier's Weekly."

Through the growing transportation of raw and manufactured products from the wonderful West, each town sees a jobbing trade sufficient to build a pre-eminent continental city. All three of these cities are making praiseworthy efforts to corral that trade. Meanwhile, Winnipeg is forging ahead as Chicago did in the States fifty years ago, and it has reason for great hopes in the fact that most of the world's greatest cities are inland towns. While London has a waterway to the open sea, yet compared with Liverpool or Southampton it is an inland city on the wonderful little isle. Paris, and not Havre or Marseilles, is the metropolis of

France; Berlin is greater than Hamburg; Vienna is twelve times greater than Trieste; Madrid is in the very heart of Spain, and even Rome is not on the sea. Winnipeg is clearly in the race. But, however it may be with the central and the eastern cities, the Pacific Coast towns cannot be ignored. New York, an Atlantic seaport city, is so pre-eminently the continental metropolis that Easterners in the States smile at the very suggestion of a Pacific city superseding it. Yet that Seattle or San Francisco may some day overtake it, is quite within the realm of possibilities. Asia is awakening. It will draw upon North America more than upon Europe for its upbuilding trade. In this trade Canada will share with the States. In the trade with Australasia, which is growing every year, Canada will doubtless be given preference over the United States. And all this means the upbuilding of Vancouver. British Columbia through this port, according to Australian reports, is already shipping the finest pine lumber abroad. Its fishing industries promise to be the greatest in the world. Even the wonderful fruit lands of Washington and Oregon are not better or more productive than those of British Columbia. Its mineral resources are destined to make of Vancouver a manufacturing and industrial center. Vancouver may likely be the greatest city of the Dominion. At all events, the day when it will number its population in seven figures is not absurdly far away.

Oil Limerick.

A lady who lived in Olier Used oil in lighting the fire—

This gag is as old—

As the hills—but I'm told That she likes it a great deal better where she is owing to the fact that

She finds it considerable drier—

Why Papa Lost Consciousness.

"If you marry him," said her papa, who was exhibiting symptoms of violent displeasure, "I will not only have to support him, but I will have to pay his debts, too."

But the pretty and petulant young thing who was hanging to his coat lapels was not moved by the argument.

"Now, papa," she said, "you know well enough that George has to live just the same as other men. And, as to his debts, I've heard you say hundreds of times that a man's debts ought to be paid."

"You say her daughters are highly educated?"

"They have been taught to say 'This is so sudden' in every modern language."

MISS OTIE CHEW,
Violinist who appears at Association Hall next Monday night.

The annual At Home of the Peterborough Club, held in the club-rooms, Bank of Commerce Building, corner of Water and Hunter streets, Peterborough, on Friday evening of last week, was one of the most delightful social events of the holiday season. The decorations were of an elaborate character and colored electrical fixtures were much in evidence and most attractive. The guests, about two hundred in number, were received by His Honor Judge Weller, President of the Club; Dr. R. P. Boucher, Vice-President, and Mr. Hazen Ritchie, Chairman of the At Home Committee. The large billiard hall was utilized for dancing. The whist room was during the evening a popular rendezvous for the older people, while the various sitting-out rooms were never lacking in occupants. The menu was dainty and recherché. The committee who managed the affair was composed of Mr. Hazen Ritchie, Chairman; Mr. E. S. Clarry, Honorary Secretary; Major Young, Major L. M. Hayes, T. D. Mulholland, Mr. W. S. Davidson, Mr. W. H. Cluxton, Mr. G. M. Hamilton, Mr. John Crane and Mr. R. Gliddon. The quadrille d'honneur was composed as follows: Hon. J. R. Stratton and Mrs. Young; Mr. R. R. Hall, M.P., and Mrs. J. R. Stratton; Dr. Boucher and Miss Lundy; Mr. Hazen Ritchie and Mrs. J. A. Aylmer; Mr. John Belcher and Mrs. (Dr.) Boucher; Mr. T. D. Mulholland and Miss Olive Bradburn; Mr. R. M. Dennistoun and Mrs. T. D. Mulholland; Mr. E. S. Clarry and Mrs. R. M. Dennistoun.

There have been several pleasant festivities during the last fortnight at Mrs. Meyer's Parlors, Sunnyside. A week ago last Thursday the Parkdale Canoe Club held their New Year's At Home, when a brightly decorated hall, a good orchestra and more than a hundred jolly dancers made the occasion one of the gayest at the close of the year. On New Year's night, under the patronage of Mrs. P. V. Meyer, the Sunnyside Saturday Club gave a dance which was attended by nearly four hundred members and guests, whose enjoyment of the perfect floor, sumptuous course supper and music of the two orchestras assured a happy beginning of 1906. The Junior Bachelors gave a pleasant little dance on Thursday night, which showed this new club to be already a thriving society.

The formal opening of the Port Arthur Commercial Club took place on Thursday, December 20th, and society was introduced to this new addition to the places of entertainment in the town. The members of the club entertained afternoon and evening, tea was served from four to six o'clock, and the At Home was wound up by a most brilliant ball in the evening. The hosts proved themselves to be past-masters in the art of entertaining, and their untiring efforts to make the event a treat in reminiscence were most successful.

TO MR. G. I. MARKS, MR. F. S. WINEY AND MR. LITTLE BELONGS THE CREDIT FOR THE SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT, WHICH ATTRACTED THE PEOPLE OF THE TWIN TOWNS SO MUCH ENJOYMENT.

The club house is handsome both inside and out. It stands in the midst of large, spacious grounds, where tennis courts and a bowling green have been provided for, besides walks and flower gardens. The house itself has been all remodelled, and the whole interior changed. This interior has been under the charge of an artist, whose beautiful ideas have been fully carried out in the decoration scheme. The reception rooms, parlors, smoking and card rooms are all handsome and elegantly furnished. The billiard-room is the handsomest room in the house, and promises to be the most popular one of the whole. A large colonial fireplace at the east end of this big room gives a suggestion of cosiness and warmth that is most attractive. This room was the "salle de danse" for the evening, and the profusion of cut flowers and ferns made it a pretty spot. The patronesses were Mrs. G. T. Marks, Mrs. Ruttan, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Commee, Mrs. Keefer, Mrs. R. Vigars, Mrs. A. W. Thompson and Mrs. Leary. A profusion of beautiful cut bloom made the rooms a bower of fragrance and beauty. In the reception rooms and parlors only pink and white flowers were to be seen, but they were there in lavish quantities, entwining every nook and corner of the big house. The invited guests included among others: Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Russel Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Harstone, Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty, Mr. and Mrs. Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton, Mr. and Mrs. Wayland, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Beaver. Many handsome gowns were worn, and the bright colors of silks, shimmering satins and velvet added greatly to the beauty of the picture under the ballroom lights. In the tea-room during the evening Mrs. Marks, handsomely gowned in black sequined net over satin, presided and the guests lingered in this cosy spot admiring the beautiful scheme of decoration and chatting over the tea-cups. Among the handsomely gowned women were noticed: Mrs. Ruttan, in violet grenadine over white satin; Mrs. Roberts, in yellow silk; Mrs. C. W. Jarvis, in green cellophane and lace; Mrs. Wayland, in white silk; Mrs. Commee, in red silk; Miss Holmes, in reseda green silk; Miss Parker, in white silk; Miss Clarke, in black chiffon. The hosts certainly succeeded in giving one of the most delightful At Homes of the whole season, and their triumph will be one of the happy memories in the social calendar.

No. Alonso, a bald head isn't necessarily an emblem of wisdom.

Sale Extraordinary of
High-GradeORIENTAL
RUGS

Our December sale has been a record-breaker, amounting to six times more than previous years. This is a proof that we have the largest and finest stock to select from and our prices are beyond competition.

We invite connoisseurs and Oriental rug lovers to inspect our present exceptionally large collection of antique and rare rugs, unsurpassed in America.

Our assortment of Drawing-room and Dining-room Carpets is big and incomparable.

Our aim is to give perfect and permanent satisfaction to our patrons.

In order to make our January sale also a record-breaker we will give during this month a discount from

25 to 35 per cent.

Come to Headquarters for Oriental Rugs, you will be doubly repaid by visiting our stores before deciding to purchase. We have over 3,000 pieces to select from.

Mail Order are promptly attended to.

We can send out Rugs to any part of Canada on approval.

Courian, Babayan & Co.
40 King St. East, Toronto.

Opposite King Edward Hotel.

After Labor.

When Mr. Morley, having finished his "Life of Gladstone," spoke of a sense of loneliness, he expressed the feeling which must have come of late days to members of the Balfour Government. No matter how trying and irksome his office, a man feels desolate without it. The melancholy lot of the great man in retirement has its horrors for Lord Rosebery, who knows all about the condition, and has depicted it in moving terms. Gladstone, defeated in 1885, informed the Queen, when declining the earldom which she offered, that he coveted the interval between an active life and death, which the profession of politics had always seemed to him especially to require. Disraeli, in his days of retirement looked back upon his career with his eye of "Dreams, dreams, dreams!" Melville was discovered by a friend in an agony of loneliness, saying, "I have sat here watching that timepiece, and heard it strike four times without seeing the face of a human being. Had it struck the fifth I feel that I could not have borne it."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ALLEN—On Friday, December 29, at 30 Leopold street, Parkdale, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Allen, a son.

BROWN—Toronto, January 1, Mrs. E. V. Brown, a daughter.

CHRISTIE—Toronto, December 31, Mrs. James Christie, a son.

HALL—Toronto, January 2, Mrs. T. H. Hall, a son (stillborn).

LEA—Toronto, December 29, Mrs. H. F. Lea, a daughter.

LUKE—Toronto, December 30, Mrs. F. E. Luke, a son.

MCMURTRY—Toronto, January 2, Mrs. B. Scott McMurry, a daughter.

MUDGE—Milwaukee, January 1, Mrs. Arthur L. Mudge, a son.

SOMERVILLE—Toronto, January 3, Mrs. Lorne M. Somerville, a daughter.

ROY—Bradford, England, December 23, James Roy.

SCROGGIE—Toronto, December 31, James Scroggie, aged 86 years.

SHAW—Toronto, January 3, Mrs. John Shaw, aged 71 years.

SUTHERLAND—Toronto, January 1, Mrs. Eva S. Sutherland, aged 86 years.

VANDERVOORT—Toronto, January 3, Captain B. H. Vandervoort, aged 73 years.

Marriages.

BLONG—MACALLUM—At Eglington, on January 3, 1906, by the Rev. J. C. Tibb, Anna Currie Blong, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Blong, Kensington avenue, Eglington, to Andrew Fullerton Macallum, C.E.

ARMS—DALEY—Toronto, January 1, Florence Gertrude Daley to Walter Hindsdale Arms.

BAIRD—WINTERS—Minneapolis, December 25, Estella A. E. Winters to John Harris Baird.

CARRUTHERS—LANCASTER—Toronto, January 1, Bessie Lancaster to George Carruthers.

FLATT—LETT—Toronto, January 1, Alberta Lett to Walter H. Flatt.

GOBLE—WATERS—Guelph, December 30, Eva E. Waters to Fred Wolverton Goble.

HOWARD—PODEN—Toronto, December 27, Nellie Foden to John A. Howard.

HOOD—PAGE—Toronto, December 30, Florence Page to W. N. Howard Hood.

HUNT—VANCAMP—January 1, Lela Jean VanCamp to Charles H. Hunt.

JOHNSTON—FRASER—Toronto, November 7, Jessie Isabella Fraser to Adam Dobson Johnston.

LUKE—GIBRS—Oshawa, January 1, Eva I. Gibbs to Frederick Eugene Luke.

MUNRO—PURVIS—Toronto, January 1, Grace Purvis to Donald Hugh Munro.

PENISTON—THURBER—Toronto, January 3, Maude Mira Thurber to Harry Scales Peniston.

SCARLETT—MCMANUS—January 1, Alice McManus to Thomas Scarlett.

SCOTT—JACKSON—Toronto, December 30, Mabel Jackson to Arthur M. Scott.

SMITH—HOGARTH—Toronto, December 27, Agnes M. Hogarth to W. J. Smith.

VANCE—BEALL—Lindsay, January 3, Helen Louise Beall to Rev. William Hugh Vance, B.A.

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